The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1892.

The Week.

AMONG the various methods of meeting the emergency caused by Lord Salisbury's refusal to prolong the *modus vivendi* in Bering Sea, the most fantastic is that proposed by Senator Morgan of Alabama. His plan is to go on and ratify the treaty of arbitration, but to "retaliate" by suspending the privilege of bonded transportation of Canadian goods over our territory. This would be cutting off our own nose to spite our face. It is an advantage to American railroads to carry Canadian goods from the seaboard to inland Canadian points. All that we can do is to drive such business away from New York, Boston, and Portland to Halifax. Goods landed at New York destined for Manitoba may pay freight money to American railroads for eighteen hundred miles. If destined for British Columbia, they may pay for a correspondingly larger distance. There was a time when such a threat as that now proposed would have been less puerile: that was before Canada had a transcontinental railway of her own. But what, it may be asked, are we to "retaliate" for? According to the hypothesis, we are ratifying a treaty of arbitration. A treaty always implies amity and reconciliation. Are these to be promoted by turning around and scowling at the other party? The idea is unworthy of serious attention. The political capital, if any, to be made out of retaliation will accrue to the party which has charge of its execution. There is always some Democrat willing to run ahead and clear the road for a Republican victory. Mr. Bland has performed this office in the House. Mr. Morgan seems eager to do the same in the Senate.

Ex-Secretary Bayard has added his voice to the chorus of warning to the Democrats in Congress touching the Bland Silver Bill. "I don't pretend," he says, "to read between the lines of the late votes and action in the House of Representatives—if it means shrewd and cunning finesse, the strategy of concealed motive, I can only say it is playing with fire and is treating a question of the gravest public import in an unworthy manner; but if the votes mean what they say on the printed face, then I say the hour has struck for the Democratic masses to arouse themselves and examine their individual consciences and sense of duty to the country." That hour is fast approaching. It is set for the 22d, 23d, and 24th days of March, and the place is the House of Representatives. The Southern Democrats have the decision of it mostly in their own hands. They say that there is a demon in their rear, called the Farmers' Alliance, which is driving them onward whether they will or no. There is another demon in the rear of both, called negro supremacy, and it is our belief that if the Silver Bill passes the House, whatever may be its subsequent fate in the Senate or elsewhere, the last state of that man will be worse than the first. The Northern Democrats will be disabled, the Republicans will return to power in all branches of the Government, and will pass their Force Bill, with whatever accessories may be needed to carry it into effect, and the public sentiment of the North will acquiesce, saying: "Negro supremacy cannot give us anything worse than a dishonest dollar any way."

The Bar Association has done its duty to the public and the profession by adopting by a large majority a resolution to appoint a committee to inquire into Judge Maynard's connection with the "taking of an election return from the office of the Comptroller of this State." This was introduced by Mr. Carter in a grave and temperate speech, of which the most pregnant sentence, as regards Judge Maynard, was this:

> "There appears to be very strong *prima-facie* evidence, but for all we know there may be some answer or explanation. If there be, how welcome it would be to all of us. But it is time it was given."

That is to say, although this *prima-facie* evidence has been before the public for three months, and has been causing much shame and scandal, Judge Maynard has not thought fit to take the slightest notice of it, while drawing a salary for a place for which the very first qualification is the possession of public confidence and respect. The opposition to Mr. Carter's resolution came from Mr. Delos McCurdy, whose facts were disputed successfully by Mr. E. P. Wheeler, and whose argument was in the main that he (McCurdy) would in Judge Maynard's place have done the same thing himself; which Mr. Coudert disposed of neatly by observing that in that case Mr. McCurdy also would be investigated. The noblest Roman of all Judge Maynard's friends was, however, Mr. Roger Foster, who made the old-fashioned objection to "throwing mud" and making "political capital," but was forgiven unanimously, on the suggestion of Mr. Coudert, on account of his "youthful innocence and impetuosity." On the whole, the proceedings were marked by a very healthy tone, and the usual apologists for rascality were conspicuous by their absence.

There was a peculiar fitness in the presence of Mr. Nelson Smith, the Chairman of the Tammany General Committee, at the Bar Association meeting (just referred to), to oppose even an inquiry into Judge Maynard's case. The objects of his Committee are three in number: (1) public plunder; (2) the proper distribution of the plunder; (3) the provision of means of escape from justice, of the plunderers. It is, therefore, in a certain sense the *duty* of the Chairman to attend all gatherings having for their object the improvement of the machinery for the detection of crime, and, as they say in England, "watch the case," even if the bearing of the proceedings on the work of the Committee be only indirect or remote. In nothing has Tammany in this city displayed more interest during the past thirty years than the impurity of the bench. Its good nominations for the judicial offices have all been extorted from the organization by threats, and even then have been made only for a valuable consideration in money. The better the candidate, the more it makes him pay in cash for the permission to run, knowing that the better he is the more hurtful to the Society he may prove if elected. There is probably no more odious phrase in Tammany even to-day than "an upright and fearless judiciary." Mr. Smith, therefore, showed himself a faithful officer in appearing in such a crowd as the Bar Association, and letting at least one manly voice be heard in favor of judicial rascality.

The Hon. Bourke Cockran's views on national politics are always instructive, furnishing as they do the best attainable exhibit of the condition of the Tammany mind on questions of high public interest. If the Custos Mores is not a thinker on such questions, there is none in the wigwam. Mr. Cockran says that in his belief the "Democratic party is stronger than any issue that political emergency or expediency may suggest," that the "Democratic party will outlive free silver, free trade, or tariff reform, and will win the greatest triumph in its history in the coming election," that "Senator Hill, or some other equally as good Democrat, will be nominated, and the ticket will sweep the country," and that as for the "silver question, it is not a political issue," and as to Hill's attitude towards it, he does not believe from Hill's veto record as Governor he "would veto any measure, were he President of the United States, which had the endorsement and approval of a majority of his party." Taking the usual amount of Cockran wind out of this statement, it amounts to saying that free silver is not a political issue, but if it is, Hill is on that side of it which has the most votes. That silver is a political issue, both Hill and Cockran will discover if they try to carry New York State with a candidate or platform suspected even of doubt on the question of free coinage.

The first Republican State Convention to choose delegates to the National Con-

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vention was held in the President's own State Thursday, and it instructed its representatives to give Harrison "their earnest and unswerving support by working and voting for his renomination so long as his name is before the Convention." The spectacular effect of this declaration in favor of "Indiana's favorite son" was sadly marred by the bitter opposition of the delegation from Allen County (Fort Wayne and vicinity), whose leader, ex-Congressman White, made a virulent attack on the President and declared that, if he should be nominated, he would be beaten in his own State by 35,000 majority. The office-holders who ran the Convention almost drowned White's voice, and such disjointed utterances as were audible did not indicate that the anti-Harrison movement was based upon any principle. Indeed, it is notorious that the whole secret of White's opposition, and of his chief backer, a millionaire electric-light man named McDonald, is Harrison's refusal to let them control the patronage of the Fort Wayne district. McDonald contributed liberally to the Harrison campaign fund in 1888, and his friends say that he was promised the privilege of naming the Postmaster of Fort Wayne, but that Harrison did not keep the promise when he reached the White House. White ran for reëlection to Congress in 1888, and was beaten, but claimed that his services and sacrifices gave him the right to name the postmasters in the district under a Republican President—a claim which Harrison refused to recognize. Neither of them, therefore, has any right to expect a particle of sympathy in their present attitude. There is no room to doubt that the overwhelming majority of Indiana Republicans favor Harrison's renomination, though in his own State, as everywhere else, there is an almost entire lack of anything like enthusiasm in his favor.

The opening of the annual State campaign in Rhode Island must turn public attention to an electoral system in that Commonwealth the anomalies of which are even now very inadequately realized, and which surpass those of any State, not excepting Connecticut. From the King Charles charter, granted in 1663 and in force until 1842, Rhode Island inherited both the "town rule" idea and a majority law, each of which is still pushed to extremes. Thus in her Senate, under the last census, 8,000 people in the small towns have the same number of members as 250,000 in the larger towns, and in the lower house 220,000 people have 32 members, while 124,000 people have 40 members. Last spring, although the Democratic candidate for Governor had a plurality of 1,254 on the popular vote, he lost his election because the Legislature, in a total membership of 109, had a Republican majority of 51 on joint ballot. Alone, of all the States of the Union, Rhode Island still applies the majority law to the election of Congressmen and of State Senators and Representatives. For example, in the large city of Providence, at great cost and trouble, the election machinery must be started up over and over again so long as a single candidate for the Legislature obtains a mere plurality. One curious outworking of this system is that the "Machine" politicians of Rhode Island often strive to prevent a majority at the first pollings, so as to "tire out" the better class of voters by repeated elections, and let the poorest candidates get a majority at the last. A very striking commentary is this "survival of the unfittest" on the theory of the Puritan originators of New England majority laws, which was that by secondary and repeated elections bad candidates would be weeded out and only the fittest survive. In the State Senate, where Providence, with a population of 132,146, is equalized with Jamestown, which has a population of 707, the Republicans always have a majority and resist obstinately any change in the Constitution.

Mr. J. S. Clarkson is suffering from what is technically known as "a bad case of big head." For three years he has been hungering for a place in the Cabinet, and now he has concluded that he ought to have the Presidency. Congressman Dolliver of Iowa, who is his great admirer, declares that "he is the best available Presidential timber." Mr. Clarkson's strength at home is shown by the fact that he has "bossed" the Republican party of Iowa for a good many years, taking it in hand when it used to carry the State by from 50,000 to 75,000, and that the last two elections for Governor have resulted in the choice of Democrats. His strength with the independent voters in the doubtful States of the East may be judged from the fact that he has just had published a eulogy of Quay as "the greatest political general that the first century of partisan American politics has developed." Of course the idea of Mr. Clarkson's candidacy is too ridiculous for consideration, but the fact that he himself takes it seriously shows what a fool a long course of "practical politics" will make of a man.

The recent municipal election in Portland, Maine, is of interest to all who are watching the drift of public sentiment regarding prohibition. For the first time in more than twenty years, the Democrats swept the city, electing not only their candidate for Mayor, as they have done twice before since 1869, but also a majority of the City Council, which disposes of a host of minor offices. Under the Republican incumbent there has been of late a vigorous attempt to enforce the prohibitory law, and this was the chief issue in the campaign. The *Press*, the leading Republican newspaper of the city, says that there can be no doubt as to the meaning of this verdict, which it says will strengthen the movement to make the repeal of the amendment a leading issue in State elections. Many of the Democratic leaders have favored this policy for years, but others have denounced the suggestion as almost suicidal. It is true enough that three or four years ago it did not look as though there were any chance of making headway against prohibition in Maine, but it is also true that six or eight years ago it looked as though the Republicans of Iowa had done a very shrewd thing in making prohibition a party principle. Since then the Democrats have twice elected a Governor who ran on a platform calling for the repeal of the law, and many shrewd Republicans say that their party can never hope to carry the State again until they unload prohibition. The change would be no greater if we should find Maine carried on a repealing platform within three or four years. Many of the loudest advocates of prohibition in public are Republican politicians who do not practise it in private, and who would stop preaching it the moment they became convinced that there were "no votes in it."

It is fitting that we should take notice that a bill is pending and under debate in the House to put wool on the free list and to make important reductions in the duties on woollen goods. Under ordinary circumstances such a measure would command universal attention, but the truth is that the vote taken in the House the other day on the Bland Silver Bill has completely extinguished the public interest in the wool bill and all other tariff bills. We said very soon after the present session began that if the silver question were an issue at all in the campaign of the present year, it would be the sole issue, and that it would be impossible to make it a half-issue. It is possible that President Harrison may get up a foreign disturbance which will serve to shelve both silver and the tariff, but if the campaign goes forward as it has begun, and if the House passes the Bland Bill, the tariff question will disappear as completely from this contest as though it had never been an issue in American politics. The silver question will take its place, with an election law, adapted to the exigencies of the Southern States, in the background.

The sayings of the tin-plate liar have not been much noticed of late, but he has been as busy and as unscrupulous as ever. The evil spirit entered into Mr. Cronemeyer again and caused him to write a letter to the Western Canned Goods Association, which letter was published in the Chicago *Grocer* a short time ago. In this communication Mr. Cronemeyer said:

"Two years ago the duty was only 1 cent per pound, or $1.08 per box, and a box of coke tin plate cost in New York $5.20; to-day the duty is 2 2-10 cents per pound, or $2.37 per box, and the price of coke in New York is $5.35 per box; increase the duty $1.30 per box, increase the price only 15 cents per box."

This letter was passed over by the Association in silence. Probably the members,

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being themselves purchasers of tin plate, were struck dumb. The price of coke plate "two years ago" was $4.45 to $4.50 per box, as published in the *Iron Age* of that date, not $5.20, as Mr. Cronemeyer put it. The present price, $5.35, as given by Cronemeyer, shows an advance of nearly $1.00 per box. The *Tariff League Bulletin* so far improved upon Mr. Cronemeyer that in its issue of February 26 it quoted Cronemeyer's letter as a resolution of the Association to which it was addressed. The *National Provisioner* of March 12 exposes this misrepresentation. It should be added that Mr. Cronemeyer is the man who published and distributed a circular before the passage of the McKinley Tariff, saying that he could make tin plate in this country at a profit under the old rate of duty of one cent per pound, and that he could prove it to any intelligent spectator.

The *Sun* produced Tuesday the military record of Gen. Russell A. Alger in so far as relates to his exit from the military service of the United States. From this it appears that Gen. Custer on the 16th September, 1864, reported Col. R. A. Alger, Fifth Michigan Cavalry, absent without leave since August 28. He had applied for leave of absence, which had been refused. He had done so two or three times before. "I have now authentic information," writes Gen. Custer, "that he is staying at one of the hotels in Washington, and that he has been placed on duty in the latter city as the member of a general court-martial." This paper was forwarded to Brig.-Gen. Wesley Merritt, commanding the First Cavalry Division, who endorsed it in this way:

"The case mentioned within is the third in which Col. Alger has absented himself from the command without proper authority since the commencement of the present year's campaign. Severe measures should be taken to prevent a recurrence of this evil."

The paper went to Maj.-Gen. Torbert, Chief of Cavalry of the Middle Military Division, who recommended that Alger be "dismissed from the service for absence without leave, subject to the approval of the President." The paper was received by Gen. Sheridan September 18, who wrote as follows:

"Respectfully forwarded. I understand that Col. Alger is on some duty in Washington, but it is evident that he has left his command without authority, and it appears that he has done so before. I have always considered Col. Alger a good officer, but cannot excuse his conduct or withhold my approval of the recommendation of his immediate commanders.

"(Signed)

"P. H. Sheridan, Major-General."

Two days later (September 20) Alger sent in his resignation, and it was accepted. It appears, therefore, that he was not actually discharged the service for absence without leave, but that such a recommendation had been sent through the regular channel to Washington, subject to the approval of the President. Such approval was anticipated by Alger's resignation.

Mercier's withdrawal from Quebec politics by resigning the seat to which he was chosen in the election which has resulted in so positive a condemnation of his administration, leaves only his trial in a criminal court to complete the disgraceful story of his career. A Tweed in the boldness and effrontery of his methods, he is in a fair way to receive a Tweed's punishment. The result of the Canadian election is a cause for general congratulation, because it affords another proof of the fact that, however corrupt powerful leaders may become, a large majority of the people may always be depended on to rebuke them when the issue is squarely presented. Mercier hoped confidently for success at the polls because he could appeal to the strong national feeling of his French-speaking constituents and to his religious affiliations, pointing to the Queen's representative, who necessarily was prominent in the proceedings against him, as English-speaking and Protestant. It is worth noting, too, that in Canada, as in the United States, appeals to party fealty have been the most powerful means of preventing an earlier reform of political abuses. Just as the *Tribune* has assisted the baser element by urging support of a straight Republican ticket in this city instead of a general union against Tammany, and of a straight (although perfectly hopeless) Republican ticket in Louisiana instead of a union of all the elements opposed to the lottery, so appeals to party (combined with race and religious) feeling in Canada sufficed to give Mercier power long enough to line his pockets. It is curious in the light of to-day to recall the fact that last summer, when the official investigation of Mercier began, the *Tribune*, an anti-Tory newspaper (outside of its London bureau), levelled a powerful leader at the Tory antagonists of the Quebec Premier, calling him "possibly the ablest and certainly one of the most successful of the Liberal leaders," and characterizing the steps taken by the Lieutenant-Governor to oust him as "tyranny."

The reception accorded Emperor William's Brandenburgh speech by the German press is highly significant. Most of the papers printed his remarks in full without any comment. A few ventured to print in full-faced type its more startling words and sentences, while others reprinted William's foregoing "suprema lex regis voluntas" and "sic volo sic jubeo," as if they were the best commentary on his latest deliverance. Some journals printed alongside his intimation that those who did not agree with him should leave the country, the twenty-seventh article of the Prussian Constitution, which says: "Every Prussian has the right to give free expression to his ideas by word of mouth, writing, printing, or pictorial representation." The *Vorwärts*, the organ of the Social Democratic party, took in especially bad part the Emperor's suggestion that his opponents should go into exile, and said: "One does not carry his country along on his shoe-soles." A courageous editorial in *Die Nation* gave utterance to the feelings of German Liberals, and we should hope of all educated Germans, in saying:

"The belief that princes have been endowed by heaven with extraordinary wisdom has no longer any depth of root in our time. To us of the incredulous present, monarchs appear as but men like other mortals. Their high and influential position binds them, it is true, to do great things, but they are as much exposed to the danger of making mistakes as any other man."

The article closed with words which we should suppose would have called for an immediate visit from the police:

"Whoever orders us to follow him blindly through thick and thin, lays upon us the duty of answering, clearly and plainly, no!"

However, it does not become us in this country to condemn the Emperor for insisting that there shall be no murmur of opposition to his public policy. The same claim is made by our rulers, or at least in their behalf. Saturday's *Tribune* asserted that "it is removed from actual treason only in degree" for a newspaper to venture to differ with the Administration in regard to the demand for a *modus vivendi* in Bering Sea, or to insinuate that political considerations may enter into the problem both here and in Eugland. What is this but the stark absolutism and assumption of infallibility of the German Emperor?

The harm done Brazilian credit by the political chaos of the country during the past two years is well seen in the quotations of the 4 per cent. Brazilian bonds on the London market. The overthrow of Dom Pedro in November, 1889, had but a slight effect upon those securities, which were then quoted at 71, and in all of the year 1890 never sank below 73, at one time being as high as 85. But the irresponsible goings on of Fonseca drove them lower and lower, and when he finally dissolved Congress and assumed supreme power, they fell to 49. They have now recovered to about 59, but are not likely to go much higher for the present. A very bad impression has been made in London financial circles by the revised estimates for 1892, which betoken a deficit of no less than $50,000,000. This is a good deal of a drop from the boastful surplus of $30,000,000 which Baron Lucena was announcing, through the Brazilian consulates in Europe, just before he went down in the final smash with Fonseca. Still, the foreign indebtedness of Brazil does not exceed $150,000,000. Most of it has a long term to run, and the resources of the country ought to make it a perfectly safe investment. But political demoralization counts for a great deal in the judgment of financiers, and it will take Brazil many years of peaceable and orderly government to get back her good credit of three years ago.

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A TEST OF THE PEOPLE.

It is a happy coincidence that Mr. Cleveland's letter consenting to the use of his name as a candidate for the Presidency appears the same week that Mr. Hill makes his electioneering trip through the South. The circumstance brings into vivid contrast the characters and the methods of the two men who are most talked of for the leadership of the Democratic party. As that party numbers half of the voters in the country, the decision which it is to make is of far more than partisan concern; it will prove, in a sense, a test of the American people.

Mr. Cleveland writes that, if he were to consider only his personal desires, and his individual ease and comfort, his response would be promptly made, and without the least reservation or difficulty; but that he recognizes his obligations to the country and his party as making such private and personal considerations entirely irrelevant. He proceeds to state his views as to the proper attitude for a citizen to occupy towards the Presidential office, as follows:

"I cannot bring myself to regard a candidacy for the place as something to be won by personal strife and active self-assertion. I have also an idea that the Presidency is preeminently the people's office, and I have been sincere in my constant advocacy of the effective participation in political affairs on the part of all our citizens; consequently I believe the people should be heard in the choice of their party candidates, and that they themselves should make nominations as directly as is consistent with open, fair, and full party organization and methods. I speak of these things solely for the purpose of advising you that my conception of the nature of the Presidential office, and my earnest conviction that all the voters of our party should be wholly free in the selection of their candidates, preclude the possibility of my leading and pushing a self-seeking canvass for the Presidential nomination, even if I had a desire to be again a candidate."

After expressing his earnest anxiety for the success of the party, as meaning increased national prosperity and the increased happiness of the people, Mr. Cleveland closes with a warning as to the peril of the party. "I am confident," he says, "success is still within our reach, but I believe this is a time for Democratic thoughtfulness and deliberation, not only as to candidates, but concerning party action upon questions of immense interest to the patriotic and intelligent voters of the land, who watch for an assurance of safety as the price of their confidence and support."

Mr. Hill is also giving the people his measure as a public man. He is the first Democrat to hold a commission in the Senate from New York, for ten years. His term of service began with last December, but he did not occupy his seat at all during that month. After being sworn in early in January, he absented himself for nearly two months in order to pull wires for a midwinter convention in his State, and see that his machine ground out a Hill delegation to the National Convention. He is hardly warm in his seat in March before he again abandons his post to go South and try to "work up a Hill boom" in that part of the country. Up to this time nobody knows his attitude as to the burning issue of the day. His first day's speeches show that the country is not to learn anything from them. They are full of rhodomontade about the brilliant prospects of "the grand old organization," and the wonderful record of the grand old organization as "the party that has maintained the right of habeas corpus," etc., etc., but say no word as to what its position is, or ought to be, regarding the fundamental question of honest money. The reason for Mr. Hill's silence regarding the overshadowing issue was frankly stated the other day by his warm admirer, the Washington correspondent of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*, who wrote that journal:

"Senator Hill will show his hand plainly when the Silver Bill is considered by the Senate. He is not the man to dodge an issue, though, *in view of the division of sentiment in the country, he would perhaps prefer not to have to vote right now*, but when he does, his vote will be for free coinage."

Here we have photographs of the two men—the one boldly announcing his position on the silver question, when time-servers predicted that such frankness would ruin him; the other telling the representative of a New York newspaper, while the issue is pending before Congress, that he "will not cross that bridge until he gets to it," and hoping that, "in view of the division of sentiment in the country," he may not have to declare his position at all. The one telling his party that it has already been guilty of such folly that the best which can be said is that "success is still within our reach," but only on condition that it gives the patriotic and intelligent voters of the land "an assurance of safety as the price of their confidence and support"; the other telling it that it can win under a leadership which aims to avoid taking sides on the chief issue, though, if compelled to a decision, it will choose the wrong side, and trust to "organization" to win. The one regarding a nomination for the Presidency not as "something to be won by personal strife and active self-assertion," but as an honor to be awarded by the people, through "open, fair, and full party organizations and methods"; the other convening snap conventions in midwinter, and "running his own canvass."

The Democrats of the country are to decide between these two men and their respective attitudes towards the Presidency. The personal aspect of the case is of the least consequence. The really important question is whether what Cleveland represents and stands for, or what Hill represents and stands for, commands the support of a party which contains half of the voters in the country. The issue is thus a test of the American people—whether, after a century's experience of our form of government, they prefer for their highest office a self-seeking shuffler, who works for the Presidency as a ward politician works for the place of Alderman, or an honest man who always has the courage to state his position on any question, and who leaves the people entirely free to accept or reject him.

THE BERING SEA CORRESPONDENCE.

The text of the Bering Sea treaty now before the Senate provides for the arbitration of all the points in dispute, and also of one point not in dispute. The latter, which is found in clause 4 of article 6, submits to the tribunal of arbitration the question, "Did not all the rights of Russia, as to jurisdiction and as to the seal fisheries in Bering Sea east of the water boundary, in the treaty between the United States and Russia of the 30th of March, 1867, pass unimpaired to the United States under that treaty?" In the correspondence published last year Lord Salisbury said that he was prepared to concede that point without arbitration. Why it should be included now, we do not quite understand. Perhaps it is put in to give some éclat to Mr. Blaine for his learned arguments in support of the position that we took by the treaty of cession all that Russia had to give.

If the treaty should be ratified as it now stands, the question of renewing the *modus vivendi* of last year would be left open. The arbitration would go forward to its conclusion with or without such renewal. The question of present moment, therefore, is whether such damage is likely to result to seal life, or to the seal monopoly, or to both, during the present year, by the non-renewal of the *modus vivendi* that the five or six years of accomplished work looking to a settlement of this question ought to be thrown overboard. In answering this question there is another which inevitably comes up, viz.: What will be the consequences to seal life of no settlement at all? Here we must take account of the petition presented by Senator Squire the other day, of which the *Congressional Record* has the following note:

"Mr. Squire—I present a petition of the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Port Townsend, respectfully setting forth that the present status of the Bering Sea fishery works a grievous hardship to our fishermen by depriving them of rights and privileges which they enjoy in the North Atlantic Ocean, in which they are encouraged and protected by the Government of the United States. Therefore, the Chamber of Commerce respectfully asks in this petition that some action be taken by Congress by which the same laws which are now in operation on the North Atlantic regarding fisheries shall be extended to the waters of the North Pacific, Bering Sea, and the Arctic Ocean, and all waters bordering upon American territory; that the products of the open sea be declared free and open to all, and that American fishermen have the same rights in the waters of the North Pacific that they now enjoy in the North Atlantic Ocean."

A petition asking, in behalf of Pacific Coast fishermen, the same rights as those enjoyed by Atlantic Coast fishermen, can hardly be denied. That we should prolong indefinitely a controversy which carries with it a denial of such rights to our own people would be a grievance not to be defended in the forum of politics or of morals.

Touching this *modus vivendi*, the correspondence shows that, before the arbitration was agreed upon, Sir Julian Pauncefote notified Mr. Blaine that the *modus vivendi* would not be renewed. This is

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perhaps the most important new fact disclosed by the correspondence. In his despatch of March 7, 1892, Sir Julian says:

"In the course of the correspondence which then took place, it was distinctly notified to your Government that the *modus vivendi* would not be renewed for the following season. You will find that, at the close of the memorandum enclosed in my note to Mr. Wharton of June 6, 1891, I stated, under instructions from my Government, that 'the suspension of sealing was not a measure which they could repeat another year.'"

A notification given in writing nine months ago cannot be taken as a surprise now.

Moreover, suppose the owner of an American ship should enter Bering Sea this season and proceed to catch seals three miles from shore and should be seized by an American cruiser, or prevented from exercising his trade, and should incur loss thereby, would he, or would he not, have an action for damages against the captain of the vessel so seizing or preventing him? Could that officer plead any orders of the Treasury Department or of the President of the United States as a justification, unless those orders were in consonance with law? What are the laws applicable to the subject? We find them, together with a compendium of the diplomatic correspondence, in a small volume just published, entitled 'The Bering Sea Controversy,' by Stephen Berrien Stanton, Ph.D., of the New York bar. The law touching the supposed case is section 1956, Revised Statutes, in these words:

"No person shall kill any otter, mink, marten, sable, or fur seal, or other fur-bearing animal within the limits of Alaska Territory or the waters thereof."

In 1889 this subject was brought again to the attention of Congress. There was pending in the House, on the 28th of February, a bill which had originated in the Senate relating to salmon fisheries in Alaska. An amendment was offered by Mr. Dunn of Arkansas, reciting "that section 1956 of the Revised Statutes of the United States was intended to include and apply to all the waters of Bering Sea in Alaska embraced within the boundary-lines mentioned and described in the treaty with Russia dated March 30, 1867, by which the Territory of Alaska was ceded to the United States." This amendment was adopted without a division. The bill was returned to the Senate and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. It was reported back on the 1st of March with a recommendation that the amendment be not concurred in. Senators Sherman and Morgan spoke briefly on it, saying that the subject was of too serious and important a character to be passed upon at the close of a session and without time for deliberation. The House amendment was rejected without a division. A conference committee was appointed on the bill, which reported, in place of the House amendment, a proviso "that section 1956 of the Revised Statutes of the United States is hereby declared to include and apply to all the dominion of the United States in the waters of Bering Sea." Appended to this conference report in the House was the following statement in writing:

"The effect of the amendment is to leave out of the House amendment the words that are descriptive of the boundaries of the waters of Alaska.

"POINDEXTER DUNN,
"BENTON MCMILLIN,
"C. N. FELTON,
"Managers on the part of the House."

Therefore, section 1956, Revised Statutes, remains unchanged in meaning, although the words "dominion of the United States" were added.

Last year the executive branch of the Government entered into an agreement with the executive branch of the Government of Great Britain that both would prohibit the taking of seals in Bering Sea, and would authorize the seizing and detaining of vessels offending against the prohibition. When the *modus vivendi* was broached last year, Lord Salisbury applied to Parliament for authority to enter into it. Such authority was given by an act (54 Vic., c. 19), which empowers her Majesty, by Order in Council, to prohibit the taking of seals by British ships in any part of Bering Sea defined by the order. No such authorization was asked by our Executive from Congress, for the obvious reason that the asking would have been a confession that it did not then exist, whereas the contention has been that legislative authority was already conferred by section 1956, Revised Statutes. That a doubt has hung over the question, however, was made very clear by the trepidation caused by the *Sayward* case in the Supreme Court. It is needless to say that the assumption of power by the executive branch to prohibit American seamen from taking seals in Bering Sea beyond the three-mile limit covers nobody with a shield.

Although Lord Salisbury did not exceed his authority when he entered into the *modus vivendi* last year, the probability is that President Harrison exceeded his authority when he entered into it. Perhaps there would be difficulties in the way of enforcing American sailors' rights in the premises, but those rights are none the less clear. They are whatever Congress has made them. They cannot be abridged by mere act of the Executive. Any officer enforcing an order not sanctioned by law does so at his peril. The Supreme Court has declined at present to consider the question whether our jurisdiction extends beyond the three-mile limit or not. But it would undoubtedly consider the question at a time when it was no longer in controversy with a foreign Government, and where the property of American citizens was alone involved.

The work of Mr. Stanton to which we have made reference furnishes a quotation from the last edition (1891) of Woolsey's celebrated work on International Law, with which this article may be fitly closed:

"The recent controversy between Great Britain and the United States, involving the right of British subjects to catch seals in North Pacific waters, appears to be an attempted revival of these old claims to jurisdiction over broad stretches of sea. That an international agreement establishing a rational close season for the fur seal is wise and necessary, no one will dispute. But to prevent foreigners from sealing on the high seas, or within the Kamtchatkan Sea (which is not even enclosed by American territory, its west and northwest shores being Russian), is as unwarranted as if England should warn fishermen of other nationalities off the Newfoundland Banks."

THE INTER-STATE LAW AT THE WEST.

THE Chicago *Tribune* publishes two pages of facts and opinions upon the workings of the Inter-State Commerce Law. All persons interviewed state that the act to regulate commerce is very unsatisfactory in its actual effects upon business in the West; yet, as might be expected, they do not agree among themselves as to the things about which complaint should be made, or as to the best remedy. In short, while dissatisfaction is evident, there yet remains no consensus of opinion as to what the railroad problem really is.

Ex-Gov. Anthony of Kansas says flatly: "If we could haul our wheat from Kansas fields to Liverpool markets at one dollar a ton, that wheat would not bring a cent more to the Kansas farmer than now. When rates go down, it is the consumer, not the producer, who gets the advantage"—a statement which, if true, would take the ground from under all the Western demands for low tariffs eastward. On the other hand, the Secretary of the Kansas State Board believes that "discrimination is the last thing the West ought to kick about. It is discrimination that has brought the Nebraska farmer into competition with the Massachusetts farmer and driven the latter out of business." Gov. Boyd of Nebraska is reported as saying: "The man who ships 100 cars a day should have a better rate than the man who ships only one"—the very principle complained of by the majority of those quoted. The *Tribune* thinks that rebates are paid by every Western road, and that the Inter-State Act in this particular is a complete failure. The names of the Chicago grain-dealers who have these cut rates are given for each road. One grain-buyer at Lincoln, Neb., gives the following example: "Reynolds Bros. of Toledo, in connection with their New York correspondents, Milmine, Bodman & Co., are able to control buying for the New York market. The corn must be shipped to them in care of the Wabash Railway at Chapin, Ill. If this corn which they are paying me 37 cents for at Chapin is sent to New York at tariff rates, it will show a loss of 3.76 cents on every bushel." As a milling firm in Wichita expressed it, "one man's business ability is put up against another man's cut rate, and the result is exceedingly unsatisfactory to the man who hasn't the inside railroad arrangement." Of one prominent Western road it is stated that the amount of the rebates reached such proportions last year that the Auditor was at a loss to know how to handle the account, and a special meeting of the Board

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of Directors had to be called to devise some way of absorbing the cash rebates.

But the fact that payments of drawbacks were made to favored shippers has long been known. To find a remedy is not so easy. The general opinion, as gathered by the *Tribune*, was that pooling must be permitted. Just as unequal taxation is worse than high taxation, so discrimination demoralizes trade and upsets all values. Various forms of pooling were suggested, one plan even going so far as to provide for putting all earnings into the hands of a commission in which Government officers should have a majority, and the railway men only a minority. It was felt by all that unrestricted competition between the carriers was mainly responsible for unequal rates, and that something ought to be done about it. The State Commissioners of Iowa and Minnesota reported peace within their respective boundaries.

Mr. Anthony went into the general question of railway rates, displaying some decided opinions on the situation and the causes of the present complaints. He stated that the law and the Commission had started in to do too much. "As it is to-day, the Commission assumes to superintend the general management of railways. I want to see an Inter-State Commerce Commission—not an inter-State railway superintendence. If we could pull up 1,500 miles of road in Kansas, we could make better rates." Then, as if to show that after all each man looks at the general railway problem from the point of view of his own local interests, the ex-Governor made an elaborate argument to prove that only those cities which are on navigable waters should be made basing or rerating points. The object, of course, was to show that Kansas City (a city in Missouri) had no good ground for claiming control of the jobbing and grain business of interior Kansas, and hence that the Kansas Board was right in ordering rate reductions for the benefit of Kansas towns which had the ambition to become trade centres.

So, apparently, the Chicago *Tribune* has confirmed the opinion that things are not as they should be, though as to the remedy, the only suggestion of any value is that of permitting some form of pooling or other kind of good understanding among the carriers. This is advocated on the ground that to cure the disease—unjust discrimination—we must remove the cause; anything short of that would prove a mere palliative. On the general question the Kansas ex-Governor also had something to say: "At the heart of this railway question are two widely opposite views as to the form of power of the people in the regulation of the affairs of railway corporations, and these are held by equally high authority. Judge Brewer of the United States Supreme Court has held that rates could not be lawfully reduced below a point of earnings equal to the cost of operation, maintenance, payment of interest on debt, and a reasonable dividend on capital stock. Stated in this broad manner, this principle puts a premium on fraud by encouraging fictitious stock issues. As opposed to this view, Judge Bradley holds that a railway company is the trustee of the State, and has no right to raise questions about bondholders or stockholders. The State, being the creator of the corporation, has the power to destroy all that it created, the power to tax it out of existence by low rates. Under that view this State could confiscate the ownership of all roads in Kansas, with no appeal to any part of the law. It seems to me that neither of these views is just and reasonable. Law is sense. Law is reason. The father and mother control their child, but if they were to exercise their power by depriving the child of liberty and life they would become amenable to the great natural law. The charter of a corporation creates obligations of reasonableness and just treatment on the part of the State. The fundamental disagreement as to the form of power, illustrated in these opinions of Judge Brewer and Judge Bradley, must be reconciled before great progress can be made." After the reconciliation of theories must come the difficulties inherent in the attempt at application to practical affairs.

THE BOSTON PRESS.

THERE is no city in the United States in which the condition of the newspaper press presents more interesting problems than Boston. It is, we think we may say, the only city in the Union except New York which has had since the war a newspaper intended especially for the more educated and fastidious class, and edited with special reference to their tastes and ideas. This place was filled for many years by the Boston *Advertiser*, but within a few years the *Advertiser* somehow lost its hold on its old constituency, and ceased to receive its former welcome from the dwellers on Beacon Hill and "the new land" on the Back Bay. It was not in its best days a powerful organ of any variety of opinion, but it was eminently safe and respectable. The editorial articles were generally such as none but the really base and wicked would try to controvert; they offended no one's susceptibilities, and the news was decent, wholesome, and full. By what turn in human affairs, owing to what foreign treason, or malice domestic, the *Advertiser* lost the proud place of the true Bostonian's "vade mecum," and "unum necessarium," which followed him in his peregrination or rustication all over the country, we are not here, as the orators say, to explain. The fact is, however, that about seven years ago, if we remember rightly, it was repudiated by the old real Bostonians, and became a rattling party organ, under the management of Mr. Cabot Lodge as the "directing Director" of a proprietary corporation.

Its old subscribers then transferred their affections to the *Boston Post*, which suddenly rose from the position of an old "Hunker" and "doughface" sheet into that of the favorite paper of the Beacon Street and Cambridge people, the cultivated, particular, and especially the Mugwump class. Of this class, in fact, we may say, under new proprietors it became the organ. It was filled with their hatred of good men of the Republican persuasion, like Blaine and Clarkson and Quay and Wanamaker, and gave free expression to the frightful economical and historical errors of the Mugwump heresy. It, too, like the old *Advertiser*, was eminently respectable. No priest, as they used to say of the good soldiers of the seventeenth century, hesitated to mention it in his prayers, no woman to associate it in her mind with honor, no father feared to leave it on his parlor table, or allow it to go down to the kitchen when the family had done with it. But it had a struggling existence. It was able, honest, and pure, but it soon began to appear that the public to which it appealed was no longer able to support a journal of that description. Either the constituency had grown smaller or had grown more exacting in the matter of news than the readers of the old *Advertiser* had been. This last explanation was probably the true one. The *Post* was not "newsy," and was not "breezy," and to succeed now a newspaper must be either newsy or breezy, or both. Consequently, after a gallant struggle, and the expenditure of much money, the *Post* was transferred to a "bright young journalist" of the Pulitzer school, who soon made the unfortunate sheet the terror of the various neighborhoods in which it once had been a welcome guest. Its old readers no longer recognized their quondam friend in the battered, red-nosed, buttonless-waistcoated, and jocular blackguard who now sought admission to their breakfast table, and promptly kicked him out of their houses.

These unfortunates have now gone over to the *Herald*, which really is an excellent newspaper in most respects. It has all the important news; the editorial articles are ably written, well-informed, and advocate the opinions in politics which most Americans of the educated Boston type hold. But there is one respect in which it is not excellent, and this is, to the class of which we speak, the most important of all. It gives a large space to murders, suicides, seductions, trials of ministers for immorality, elopements, adulteries, and scandals of every description, and illustrates these events with the hideous pictures with which all newspaper readers are now familiar. Consequently, it is not a family paper in any true sense of that term. It is a paper which fathers and mothers have to hide when they have finished reading it, or have to examine carefully before they let the boys and girls get a chance at it.

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Even when it is at its purest, the pictures make it an odious sight on a library or parlor table in a respectable household. It seems a daily lesson in vulgarity and ugliness. The editor, we are informed, has been remonstrated with by these unhappy parents, but his answer is that he makes his paper to sell, and leaves the moral training of the young to the clergy, or words to that effect.

Under these circumstances, what is old Puritan, cultured Boston to do? We offer, as an answer to this question, a suggestion which we think has merit. Let it get the proprietor of the *Herald* to agree to put all his required crimes and scandals on one detached or detachable sheet, and make up the rest of his paper for family reading. Let him then offer to the public a distinctly marked "Indecent Edition," containing everything, or a "Decent Edition," without the scandal sheet. Let subscribers, at the office or through the newsdealers, indicate which edition they desire, and have no other served to them at their houses. Would not this solve the problem, and might the plan not be adopted in other cities which have no decent public large enough to support a newspaper of their own?

A CROSS-SECTION THROUGH NORTH CAROLINA.

EDENTON, February 17, 1892.

FORTY years ago, Frederick Law Olmsted visited North Carolina and summed up his judgment of the State as follows: "Industry is almost entirely rural, and there is little communication or concert of action among the small and scattered proprietors of capital."

The impressions of a less observant traveller, who is spending a few days in going over the country roads on foot, seem to show that the State has not greatly changed. As soon as one gets off the main commercial arteries of the Richmond and Danville and Seaboard Air-Line Railroads, and follows the old east-and-west highway to the coast, he finds himself not simply in the middle of this century, but in the end of the eighteenth century. As in colonial times, the islands outside Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds confine the State on the east, and the mountains on the west. There is not an important seaport in the State, nor a considerable manufacturing town, nor very productive mines, nor a great city. Wilmington, the largest place, has but 20,000 people. The ancestors of almost all the inhabitants were in the State a century ago; probably no State in the Union so closely adheres to the social and political traditions of the pre-Revolutionary period. North Carolina is the type of the natural development of an American community, much influenced by slavery, but little influenced by coal and iron, foreign immigration, commerce, or Northern capital.

To the Northern man, and particularly to the pedestrian, the winter climate of central North Carolina seems perfect. An occasional boisterous day is offset by half-a-dozen of bright sunshine, with the clear, invigorating air of a New England October. In the midst of the brown leaves of last year, hardy flowers start up; on the coast the palmetto is seen. The western third of the State I know only by hearsay; but in the central rolling region, twelve easy hours from Washington, are hundreds of sites for people who would like to find winter sunshine north of Florida. A New York capitalist is just contracting to build a hotel at Chapel Hill, and it is safe to predict that many others will follow. The views are charming, the country-side interesting, and the shooting good. On the coast there are surface indications of a less favorable climate. One suspects evil when he hears a bride confide to her husband that "in Plymouth she had regular chills every other day till Christmas"; or when a voice in the corridor of the hotel asks an invisible person whether he "has taken his quinine yet."

The beautiful midwinter weather hardens the roads. The picturesque troughs worn by two centuries of travel in the hills must sometimes be full of mud. Even in winter, driving is not easy: many of the streams have waited for bridges since Carteret's time. Nor are the roads likely to improve, now that cross-country railroads are penetrating the whole State. There is a delightful flavor of stage and steamboat travel about these new roads: the signal to the engineer is a yodel from the lungs of a negro, inspired by the order: "Holler 'im back!" and the reason for the delay of a train is stated to be: "Slow captain on board." Along the roads are grouped, at rather frequent intervals, the farm-houses—the word plantation is hardly used. The inquisitive traveller finds little to detain him: a group of children gathered about the fire of "fat pine" in the open chimney; rude and worn furniture; two or three women thoughtfully rubbing their gums with the snuff-stick. The prevailing type of farm-house has an outside chimney on each end, no veranda, and half-a-dozen little squalid outbuildings about it. Only in or near the towns do more elaborate mansions appear.

Most of the towns are unpleasing. Hillsboro is apparently much the same that it was when Cornwallis left it—a collection of shabby houses rich in the traditions of great men. Here I found the tombstone of the Signer of the Declaration of Independence, "Hon. William Hooper, Esq., eldest son of the Rev. William Hooper, late Rector of Trinity Church in Boston, New England . . . Educated at Cambridge College." Here are the quaint records of the courts, with the uproarious addenda of the Regulators of 1770: "THOMAS RICHARDS vs. ROBINSON YARD. General issue *not but Plea of Abatement. Plaintiff pays all & gets his Body Scourgd for Blasphemy.*" The river towns, like Tarboro and Plymouth, have all the original ugliness of a Western prairie county-seat, with the accumulation of the dirt of a hundred years.

In striking contrast to these towns is the beautiful place from which I write. A row of handsome square houses stands on an attractive water-front. The court-house of 1716 is elegant in proportions and finish. The interior carving of the Bond mansion (1758) and its furniture are hardly to be surpassed in New England. St. Paul's is a colonial church and has the colonial silver and well-kept records, including a ringing declaration of the vestrymen of June 19, 1776. Outside the town, but visible from my window, is "Hayes," a beautiful mansion upon the grounds of which lie Justices Johnson and Iredell of the United States Supreme Court. The house contains many interesting portraits, including a characteristic head of Clay, and a fine old library. With its stately architecture, its magnificent trees, and its surrounding negro quarters, it is that typical Southern mansion which we have all expected some time to see. This lovely coast, but four hours and a half south of Old Point Comfort, seems destined to become a winter resort.

Such mansions as Hayes are rare in North Carolina because, from colonial times down, there has been little wealth. The dominant element in the State is, as one of the number expresses it, "all poor together." Poverty, however, means a dearth of ready money, but not of substantial comfort, or of a wholesome old-fashioned culture based on Shakspere and Gibbon. All people of "family" throughout the State appear to know all the other people of family, and they know also the ramifications of marriage and relationship. The Northerner fortunate enough to be admitted to the privileges of this great club finds it very delightful. The University town of Chapel Hill is especially attractive, both from its unusual neatness and from its being the most intellectual place in the State. With very scanty means the University is upholding a high standard of education, and has adopted a broad and modern system which cannot fail to make it a power in the State. There are other promising colleges, especially Trinity, which has found an avenue to the liberality of a tobacco king. Secondary education is very defective, and a gentleman who has made an address in each of the ninety-six county-seats of the State advocating an increase of the State appropriation for common schools, says that it is impossible to secure money enough to keep them open three months in the year.

Before going to North Carolina, three preconceptions as to the condition of the South had gained lodgment in my mind: that the negroes were improving; that the relations between the races were working themselves out satisfactorily; and that the white people were doing all that could be expected of them. All three ideas have been much disturbed. There is a small class of cultivated negroes, a sprinkling of black professional men, and a very few who have a little money; but the greater part of the race moves in a nether world of great ignorance and of greater degradation. No one who has not seen them can appreciate the slowness of their advance. The race is picturesque: from the town negro coachman, in tall hat, flashy jacket, and checked trousers, a fashion-plate for a minstrel troupe, to the wood-chopper working for six dollars a month for Johns Johnson, and courting one of his girls—all are cheerful and polite. At one of the railroad stations, day before yesterday, I was approached by a prepossessing black, who gave me to understand that he was "looking for a nice man to take him South and set him to work." "What are your wages?" "Kain't git more'n thirteen dollars around here." "But I'm not going South; I'm going North—going to Boston." "I'd just like to find a nice man to take me to Boston." Farm labor is the chief employment of the negroes. The owner of the largest cotton mills in the State says that he employs only one negro, a drayman. More of them work in tobacco factories, and there are some negro mechanics and even brakemen. Black Johns Johnson says that "a nigger can't make another nigger work: he'd like to give his boys a thrashing every morning before they went out to work." "The trouble with the nigger," said one black to me, "is that the nigger is a coward. The nigger wants to be well controlled." The complaint is general that even white men cannot control their hands, and that they are very irregular in their work: one gentleman makes it a practice, when he has a load of wood, to engage three or

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four to cut it: possibly *one* may come when he agrees. Steady six days' work is almost unknown. There is much intemperance, and even among sober men no habits of saving. Land is not dear: tracts of bottom land on the coast once worth fifteen dollars an acre now go begging at a dollar and a quarter; but for the last twenty years the negroes have bought little or no land. They have not gained much in common-school education since 1870; they are not gathering property, and, above all, the race seems morally to stand about where it did in reconstruction times.

"It is hard," says a white lady plaintively, "to get on with servants who have no honesty and no virtue." Even among the thriving and prosperous country and village negroes, the standards of conduct are unspeakable. Let one example suffice. Two neighbors, both Northern ladies, in a very intelligent town, arrange for their two cooks to live in one little house: with those two black women live their four illegitimate children. To dismiss the servants is not worth while, because there is every reason to expect that the successors would be of the same character. Among such creatures are brought up the children of white families. The girls, by some miracle, grow up as fresh and pure as though there were no such contamination; but it is demoralizing to the boys. The starting-point of self-respect and admiration for a high character seems lacking among the negroes. The preachers, who are almost the only leaders, are justly distrusted. Mahone is said to have made it a principle to buy up the preachers in Virginia. A returned convict feels no sense of disgrace among his own people. The long continuance of slavery is not wholly responsible for this degradation; it is a defect in the character of the race. Yet upon this partially civilized substratum rests the economic development of the State. A fair type of the labor system is a scene witnessed at a station the other day: in the foreground four white men superintended the switching of some cars; in the background a negro with a mule team furnished the raw material. The baggagemaster touches the trunk, the black porter lifts it. Without negro labor the State would starve.

In such a condition of mutual dependence, one would expect at least friendly relations between the races. Outward good nature there is, but almost no confidence. An ingenious professor in the University is trying to find out what the negroes think about by a series of categories propounded by a barber. If he succeeds, he will learn what no one else seems to have found out. The negroes live a separate life, with their own rumors and alarms. A servant who had probably heard some reference to the Chilian imbroglio, the other day inquired anxiously whether "it was true that there was gwine to be another wa' and Miss June 'll have to come home from up North." There are graceful amenities between old slaves and former owners, but the races distrust and dislike each other. I have heard an ardent North Carolina Republican say, before a black servant: "When I see a nigger driving a mule, I always wonder why the mule, as the superior animal, does not drive the nigger." I have seen a black boy plant himself squarely in the track of a procession of school-girls on their way to church. The white man has little confidence in the character of his black neighbor, and the negro little regard for the opinion of his white neighbor. Nowhere is this absolute distrust so manifest as in politics. The negro vote is not suppressed—it is in a minority in the State at large; but in the black counties it is simply not counted. The State Legislature elects most of the county officers. The white people are literally in terror lest somehow, by their divisions, the negroes should get such political power as they had in reconstruction times. "We dare not divide," says a native North Carolinian; "we dare not divide even on the question of improving our roads." The mechanism of political development is stopped.

It is now impossible to say how far slavery accounts for the deplorable failure of the State to work out of the present social and political deadlock. The conviction borne in upon my own mind, against its preconceptions, is that the white race is not doing its duty. The State is poor: the little money spent on schools is chiefly paid by whites, and is fairly divided among white and black children. But the people have no heart in negro education; they are passively hostile to the schools kept up by Northern philanthropy; they make little distinction between educated and ignorant blacks. The remark made to me by a public man of great intelligence is a vigorous, but not an exaggerated, view of the temper of the whites. "We don't want the negroes to get educated or to get rich," said he; "the more educated they are and the richer they are, the worse it is for us. It is a big stick in their hands." In other words, education suggests to the North Carolinian organization, combined force, negro supremacy, some vague kind of social equality. The Southern people are fond of talking of "two civilizations"; they seem to set the negro out of their moral world; they feel no responsibility for his degraded state, and no impulse to help him to raise himself out of it. His most demoralizing vices are accepted as unavoidable evils, like mosquitoes and ticks. The whites suffer from the low standard of negro character more than the negroes themselves, for they have more to lose.

When the question of remedy arises, no one seems able to suggest. A former North Carolinian and ardent Republican thinks something may be done by "files of soldiers"; that has been tried, and has altered for the better the character of neither race. The division of the negro vote, which seems so potent to outsiders, is deprecated by the best men in the State, as likely to bring in an era of wholesale bribery. There is no movement of population, like that in Alabama, whereby the black counties get blacker and the white counties whiter. The establishment of educational qualifications and acceptance of the lessening of representation in Congress cannot command a popular vote. The despair of the question is shown by the solution proposed by an able lawyer and jurist: he thinks the only hope is to colonize the great body of the blacks in Mexico; with a spirit of candor he adds that at present each county is entitled to a license fee of one thousand dollars from every person who, within its limits, persuades another person to emigrate from the State. The negro problem and the race problem are unsolved; education might not solve, but would certainly palliate them; and education is "a big stick in their hands." Truly, "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

THE EXHIBITION OF PALERMO.

PALERMO, February 14, 1892.

OF exhibitions there is no end, say many, and the fact cannot be denied. The collection, classification, and exposition of the products of modern art, science, invention, industry, and agriculture is a feature of the second half of the nineteenth century, and a very beneficial one it seems to us. This of Palermo is especially interesting because so little is known of the island, even on the Italian continent, that whatever tends to place the facts and figures, the progress and amelioration, of the islanders in evidence, is a gain to themselves and a factor in the general advancement of the nation.

The exhibition, from an artistic, industrial, and social point of view, is a very decided success. I fear the same cannot be said from the financial side of the question, as visitors from Italy are few. England and Germany are fairly represented, but very few Americans appear on the visitors' list. Yet if it were only known how perfect is the climate, how delightful the sojourn, how perfect the service of the hotels, the carriage, tram, and omnibus service; the facilities for travel by land and sea, the charming excursions to be made with no fatigue in the neighborhood of the Golden Shell, the genial hospitality of the inhabitants—Palermitans and resident English, who fraternize even more than at Rome—it is probable that for American travellers Palermo would soon become a favorite resort. The steamers come from Naples to Palermo in twelve hours. You go on board at Naples about six, dine well, sleep comfortably, and wake up in the harbor of Palermo in time to land and breakfast; the conductor of the hotel that you may have chosen coming on board to take you and your luggage off without any trouble or fatigue. During the last three months this service has considerably improved, while the railway service is, if slow, sure. Those who dislike a sea voyage even of twelve hours, by going up to Reggio, Calabria, from Naples, can cross over to Messina in an hour, and thence go by express to Palermo, via Catania, a city well worth a visit if only to get a perfect view of Etna, now snow-crowned and verdure-clad. Taking train at half-past two, you arrive in Palermo at nine, without once changing carriages.

Public security is perfect in the city, where you are not pestered with beggars, and where the streets are clean and well lighted, and the theatres—from the magnificent Politeamo, or Grand Garibaldi Theatre, where all the best operas are performed, to the little Garibaldi Theatre, where the famous Mafiusi are now represented—equal to any on the Continent. There is no better way of getting a general idea of Palermo and the Golden Shell than to ascend the tower of the Exposition, enter the elegant elevator, and in a brief minute you reach the platform, forty metres above the level of the gardens, and feast your eyes on a panorama unrivalled in the world. Palermo, nestled in her shell of green and gold, girt by valleys, sheltered by mountains mirrored in the azure sea, canopied by her sunlit sky, appears in all her splendor, her gentle fascinating beauty. Even the rugged, massive Monte Pellegrino presents its kindest aspect; verdant slopes, stretches of cornland, pine trees, and orange groves, with villas sprinkled in their shelter—there the tip of Monte Cuccia, here Monreale; in the plain and on the slopes of Montepellegrino and Billiemi the villages of Mondello, Partanna, Pallavicino in their olive groves and lemon terraces. The port below is crowded with shipping, flags of every nation floating in the breeze. In front, the boundless sea stretches to the horizon, and on the right Cape Zaffarano rises a very sapphire from the waves. Here again, Bagheria on the heights, Ficarazzi, whose fertile surroundings

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you will admire every time you take the train along the north of the island, and there isolated and immortal Gibilrossa, echoing still Garibaldi's exulting words to Bixio: "Nino! Tomorrow in Palermo!"

Looking down on the Palermo that the Duce entered on that morrow and rescued, you have the whole building of the Exposition at your feet, with its cupolas and towers, its gardens and fountains, the huge stone pines, the Abyssinian village and Russian mountains, and you feel that it is time to descend and see the treasures that the great galleries and separate edifices contain. There are plenty of plans of and guides to the Exposition, but, alas! as yet no catalogue save for the art and sculpture galleries; but as you enter by the chief ingress to the magnificent *Sala delle feste*, which is used as a ball-room or concert-hall or skating-rink, as the case may be, you can select any one of the twelve divisions which are subdivided into sixty-five classes and again into 173 categories. Foreigners generally make at once for the Gallery of Monumental Sicily, which is a novelty as far as Italy is concerned. This gallery is devoted to models of the ancient monuments of the island; to fragments, facsimiles, designs, pictures, and plans thereof. One of the most admirable is the Temple of Segesta, that monument of Greek art which forms such a notable feature in the landscape as you stand on the Pianto dei Romani, retracing the battlefield of the not less wonderful victory of Calatafimi. The temple is roofless, its thirty-six columns intact but incomplete, for the inhabitants of Segesta never finished their temple, owing, some say, to the invasion of the Carthaginians, 409 B. C.; later, to the sack of the city by Agathocles, 307 B. C., when the city was almost destroyed, but the temple spared. Of the theatre there is only a splendid photograph. Another interesting model is that of the Arabo-Byzantine Castle of Salemi, where Garibaldi, on the 12th of May, 1860, planted the Italian tricolor; and there is the Porta di Garibaldi through which he entered Marsala. One of the Gigantes from the great temple of Jupiter at Girgenti is erect, showing its original function as column to support the roof of the temple. The sepulchre of Antonino Grignano at the Carmine of Marsala, two capitals from the Duomo of Cefalu, the tribune of Gagini in the Church of S. Maria in Nicosia, and the baptismal fount of the Duomo, are among the treasures represented. A visit to the Monumental Gallery will assuredly inspire travellers to see the monuments in their original homes.

Near to this gallery is the Sala dei Ricordi Patria, not as complete as that of Turin, perhaps, but affording a perfect history of Sicilian revolutionary history and the numberless failures resulting in the final success; the portraits of martyrs and heroes, the chains they wore, the tattered flags, the red shirts pierced with bullets or torn by bayonets, and (a relic that is shameful to behold) the *bersagliere* rifle-ball that pierced Garibaldi's foot on the Bitter Mount, laming the Liberator for life. Here the student of Italian may pass hours with delight, for there is a perfect library of revolutionary lore, pamphlets, proclamations of the committees, popular songs in vernacular, while the curtain in the background is that very same one painted on the 28th of May, 1860—representing Garibaldi, calm and beautiful, giving his orders to the officers by the side of the fountain (*pretoria*) while the bombs were falling right and left—which has served as the *sipario* of the Garibaldi Theatre, the delight of the Picciotti and red shirts then as now. Students of popular customs, traditions, costumes, and superstitions will delight in the ethnographic exposition arranged with infinite care, intelligence, and expense by the genial patriotic folk-lorist, Prof. Luigi Pitrè, a doctor who lives among the people, author of the 'Library of Popular Traditions in Sicily,' 'The Sicilian Vespers according to Popular Tradition,' 'Popular Songs,' etc., etc. In the centre of the room is the *caretu*, the common cart so characteristic of every Sicilian city, painted with the history of the troubadours, or of Garibaldian battles, or of saints and martyrs, Madonnas and pagan gods. The mule, with its splendid harness and trappings, was carefully prepared in the University of Palermo. There is the *coffa*, or basket used for pressing the grapes; all the terracotta utensils, some really beautiful, most curious *gottu*, the drinking-glasses of the peasants, and costumes innumerable. Two from the Piana dei Greci are gorgeous in silk and gold, the *piddèmi*, the common dress of the women, and the ordinary peasant costume of the men about the country of Scicli and Modica, where, by the way, the peasants still live chiefly in grottoes hewn in the rock—palatial residences if compared with the caves and cellars of Caltanissetta. The collection of amulets or charms against the evil eye, accidents on land and on sea, against convulsions in children, to secure easy teething, etc., is very curious. Significant is the collection of knives, long and slender, some opening suddenly by merely throwing out the hand, others by touching a spring—formidable all; such as, if it were possible to sequestrate at one fell swoop, would vastly diminish the woundings and murders in the mining districts. There is a formidable *pecoraio*, or goatherd, dressed in black goat-skin trousers and white kid jacket—another class too apt to use the fatal knife to defend their own flocks or to steal those of their neighbors. But they serve this class to better purpose also, for to the *vistiamari*, herdsmen in general, *i.e.*, of cattle, pigs, goats, and sheep, belongs an exquisite collection of musical instruments—the *zufolo*, the *piva*, and the *nacchere*—which they manufacture themselves in their long solitary hours, learning the songs and tunes from their fathers and transmitting them to their children. They are famous, too, for their sculptures and etching. A bit of wood and a heated needle, and your herdsman or boy designs exquisite figures and arabesques. A *zufolo* work of Giuseppe Navarra, some peasant unknown to fame, is a perfect art treasure. With his knife, a piece of wood, or the horn of his cattle, he forms his drinking-cups, his knives and forks, his presents to his betrothed of needle cases, purse, vase for holy water—for himself snuffbox, flasks, saltcellars, etc. Some of the figures graven on the pumpkin bowls, wine and water flasks are really exquisite, as are some of the figures and arabesques of the *pilligrinu* flasks of terracotta. The bottoms of the bottles and glasses of horn are made of cork and perfectly fitted—dovetailed, as the peasants use neither glue nor nails, still less screws. The rapidity with which they work is remarkable: they seem to work always. Sitting, watching, or walking with their flocks, you see them graving on a cross (the crucifix is one of their favorite productions); when you stop them on the mountain to speak to them, they answer, but do not cease from their work. And even as their ornamental objects, so the tables, chairs, and peculiar stools of their own manufacture. Among the specimens is a wonderful cow collar whereon are graven the figures of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel with groups of angels bearing tricolor wreaths and crowns; the Castle of Salemi, with the national banner floating, and the battlefield of Calatafimi, with the Bourbons in full flight. This is the work of a peasant, Giuseppe Sala of Santa Ninfa, wrought by him after his liberation from the galleys of Favignano in 1860. The muleteers are also artists in their own line. These *Burdunari* make the harness and trappings of their mules out of pieces of cloth, velvet and silk of divers colors, working in arabesques figures of animals with exquisite taste.

Curiously characteristic of the Sicilian peasant is the wall dedicated to the votive offerings, to the pictures of miracles performed and recorded in fulfilment of the vow made in the hour of peril. There is a rough picture of the battle of Dogali—peaks crowned with Abyssinians, the Italians fighting and falling on the slopes; a boat sailing in the clouds contains the *anime dei decollati*, the popular belief in the efficacy of the prayers of "beheaded victims" being general. A soldier of Dogali in the thickest of the fight made a vow that he would present an offering to their church if they brought him safely out of the battle; he was one of the few who did escape, and this picture is his ex-voto, and his name is signed "Girimina Giovanni of the Twentieth Infantry Regiment, January 26, 1887." Another, dedicated to the same "souls," bears the name of a *picciotto* saved by their intercession from the hoofs of the Bourbon soldiery. Others are dedicated, "Viva Maria Santissima dei Miracoli."

Side by side with these expressions of the religious sentiments of the populace are their favorite theatres of marionettes, showing the feats of "Orlando and Rinaldo in Babylon," "The Death of Morgante." Their favorite books are all on these subjects. There are popular editions as late as 1887 of the 'History of the Paladins of France from King Pepin up to the battle of Roncesvalles,' "this being the sequel to the death of Carlo Magno." Above the glass case containing the earliest editions are the signs most in use in the country: "Bonu vinu senza viulinu" (Good wine without poison—the *u* is always substituted for the *o* in popular lingo), "Casa grande di loeri con acqua corrente" (A big house to let with running water—a great desideratum in Sicily). Even of this interesting collection there is no catalogue, but the diligent Pitrè is preparing one, and it will form one of the chief posts of interest for the lovers of folk-lore and popular manners and customs.

Another distinctive feature of Sicily is the section devoted to mines and mining operations. The able head of the College of Mining Directors has actually excavated sufficient soil to create a mine where you descend and see all the operations and material, while on the walls and tables are charts and plans of the chief mines, models of the machinery used for the extraction of the mineral, its fusion by the various processes, etc. Here, too, you have sulphur in the rough, refined and purified, with pictures of the pits (but not of the *carusi!*). So for the marbles in which Sicily abounds.

Highly satisfactory is the department devoted to the work done in the various charitable and industrial schools, especially those of the orphan asylum of Naples, "Ecco Homo," where the lace work in imitation of every stitch known is perfect. The work of the blind school "Prince of Naples," directed by Maruscelli, is so varied and perfect that if I had not often seen it done there, I should doubt the fact of the workers being blind. Casanova's Insti-

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tute for the street Arabs of Naples makes a capital figure. The works in bronze and silver, the ebony and ivory cabinets, the exquisite jewelry and cameos, besides some excellent articles of furniture, agricultural implements, show the progress made by the boys who live at home and attend the schools only during the day. The artistic and industrial schools of Sicily also show great progress, while the work of the prisoners in the penitentiaries and reformatories is only too multiform and abundant. "See," said a workingman who was taking me over some of the industrial sections, "how the prison work undersells us. That bed in iron and gilt-bronze is sold at 150 lire; it can't be turned out by an honest craftsman for 250 lire, and so on to the end of the chapter. The prisoners are well housed, fairly fed and clothed; we starve in hovels, often don't get a decent meal a day, are at times a week or more without work, so that the temptation presents itself to commit some crime and be taken in and cared for!" Of all questions the social question is the most complicated, and every day is growing more so. "Of what use is it to produce and perfect our productions?" said a large wine-grower and maker. "Look at the new tariffs now sanctioned in France: the duties on the fifteen principal articles of Italian importation into France are increased 800 per cent. on the old general tariff, 600 per cent. on the conventional tariff, and many of these articles are the chief products of Sicily. Even their pistache, used for ices and the preparation of brawn and pork, is raised 900 per cent. without any apparent motive, as the pistachio nut does not grow in France." "And now," said another proprietor, "the manufacturers of the north of Italy are going to sacrifice us southerners, whose only resource is agriculture, in the negotiations with Switzerland."

Such lamentations dampen delight in the manifest progress which this exhibition demonstrates, yet the fact remains, and progress is progress after all. Alas that space compels me to close without a word on Florio's pavilion, where, besides the grand show of wines and wine casks, the whole history and mystery of tunny fisheries is revealed—a mimic fishery modelled on the gigantic *tonnara* of Favignana occupying half the room, the basin containing the various departments, the nets, the very fish. Every operation is shown, while the actual tunny is in tin boxes of a few ounces or fifty kilos containing the delicate morsels which are now sold at such low prices as to form one of the staple articles of food all over Italy. But Florio, the father of Sicilian commerce, stands alone and must be treated with special honor.

J. W. M.

Correspondence.

"PRISONS OF AIR."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For the first time in my life I am compelled to remonstrate against a criticism. As a rationalist, not as an author, I must ask of your justice relief from an implication, in your paragraph concerning 'Prisons of Air,' that it sanctions notions of "dooms and weirds." The book contains no "woful doom of the Redleghs extending through nine generations in fulfilment of a gypsy's prophecy." The doom is transmitted solely by a youth's weakness in crediting a fortune-teller's silly prediction, which gradually saps his courage. My serious study of the operation of a trivial superstition on a strong character, and its far-reaching results, being ignored, I am placed by your authority with those who believe, or cater to, the vulgar superstitions which I have shown based on nothing, but turned by credulity into prisons.

Moncure D. Conway.

New York, March 3, 1892.

[Our account was wholly with Mr. Con way as author. Readers of his book must judge between us.—Ed. Nation.]

WITCHCRAFT, ETC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As was to be expected, comments unfavorable to us, as a nation, have been elicited from the British press by Dr. Buckley's revelation that "witchcraft is, at the present time, believed in by a majority of the citizens of the United States." Yet who can maintain, with the least well-grounded positiveness, that any particular section of Christendom has a distinguishable advantage over its other sections, as regards freedom from credulity? Here in England, what an old author calls mateologues are, certainly, full as numerous as almost anywhere else. Having lived for five and twenty years in the country, during which time I have mixed freely with rustics of all classes, I have come to doubt seriously whether the people about me are not quite as much enslaved to silly beliefs as the gratuitously commiserated idolaters with whom I rubbed shoulders so long in the East. Parenthetically, I also doubt whether, in all points of honesty, in humanity, and in right conduct generally, there is a pin to choose between the two social wholes.

As to London, the existence of the Thirteen Club is, assuredly, significant. But, more especially, one is to take account of the wide diffusion, in Great Britain, of such inanities and insanities as spiritualism and theosophy, and of the legion who put faith in astrological almanacs, dream-books, ghosts, omens, charms, the evil eye, and what not of like character.

I have actually known an old lady, the wife of a General in the Army, who would never venture out for a day's shopping in case she saw anything in "Zadkiel" seeming to indicate that she had better stay at home. Again, a farmer near by lately confessed, in court, that he had entrusted five sovereigns to a gypsy, on her engaging to convert them into five hundred, to be found under a specified stone. Once more, only three miles from me, an ancient widow, decrepit and imbecile, recently fell under the suspicion of being a witch, and barely escaped with her life from an infuriated mob. A baby died suddenly; the crone had, shortly before, been heard to mutter something angrily to the baby's mother, who had insulted her; and the opinion, once expressed, was forthwith popularly accepted, that she had caused the death of the little one by incantations. Analogous local instances of childish folly, worthy of the darkest ages, that have fallen under my observation, I could produce in abundance. But I shall content myself with mentioning two.

One autumn I went to a cottage-woman to buy some honey. On her telling me that she had none, I inquired whether she had given up keeping bees. She replied that she had, and went on to give the reason. When her bees last swarmed, a hive of them alighted on the dead bough of a tree; and her husband died a few months later. It was the wicked behavior of the bees that killed him; and she had served the wretches in kind. I knew that she had six or eight hives; and why did she do away with all? She expressed her surprise at so thoughtless a question. Was not it likely that, if she had spared any of the bees, they might have taken it into their malicious heads to send her to join her husband? It weighed nothing, with her, that, when he died, he was well on past seventy, in spite of heart disease, and though, for half a century, he had governed his practice as if he thought the chief end of man was the consumption of gin and beer.

I now pass to a gentleman of liberal education, of more than ordinary ability in his profession, and conspicuously religious. Conversing with him, one day, I was led, by something, to remark that, by good fortune, I grew up among persons wholly untainted with superstition, adding that I was, myself, similarly untainted. "But are you quite certain," he asked, "that you have nothing of what you so lightly call superstition?" A repeated "quite certain" drew from my interlocutor the demand, addressed with a searching look, "Do you mean to say you would plant ivy?" "Why," I replied, "eight years ago I planted ivy all along one side of this house, and already it has climbed some fifteen feet." "Well," returned my ultrafidian friend, "nothing could induce me to do as you have done. If I were to plant ivy, I am confident that I should soon after hear of the death of some relative or friend." Argument being, under the circumstances, manifestly in vain, I did not waste a word in attempting it. An English gentleman may, then, still be such that, in a brain well furnished with languages, living and dead, and half a dozen ologies besides, he has a corner for the most fatuous of absurdities.

In somewhat closer connexion with the subject of witchcraft, I come to the seventy-second Canon of the Church of England, which, as will be seen, with true charity, or false, constructively exempts Ahriman and his imps from all ecclesiastical molestation save episcopal. The Canon, under the sanction of which, it may be noted, recourse has been had to exorcism within the last hundred years, is headed, "Ministers not . . . to exorcise but by authority," and is, in part, as follows:

"No Minister or Ministers shall, without the licence and direction of the Bishop of the diocese first obtained, and had under his hand and seal, . . . attempt, upon any pretence whatsoever, either of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any Devil or Devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture or cosenage, and deposition from the ministry."

By this Canon, which is still unrepealed, the "discerning of spirits," at least in one sense, is confined to Bishops. Theologians may be able to account for this restriction; and to them the justification of it must be remitted. It is explicit, however, that the faculty of infallibly distinguishing the presence of an emissary of Satan is an exclusive privilege of the episcopally consecrated. But, since these sacrosanctities are credited, by the anointed insight of James I., with having at their command the most potent of specifics for the abounding diabolism of their Christian fellow-subjects, why, in the interest of the community, do they and their subordinates neglect to resort to its employment?

Your obedient servant, F. H.

Marlesford, England, Feb. 22, 1892.

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PSYCHOLOGY IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Recent discussion in the *Nation* concerning science in America leads me to call attention to the part taken by this country in the advance in psychology. The newly issued works by Prof. James are the most important contributions to psychology since the publication of Prof. Wundt's 'Physiologische Psychologie' in 1874. The two volumes by Prof. Ladd on 'Physiological Psychology' are standard works in England as well as here. The text-books by Murray, Dewey and Baldwin are (with perhaps the exception of that by Sully) the best recently written in English. The *American Journal of Psychology* was the first special journal of the kind, and the only one until the establishment, two years ago, of the *Zeitschrift für Psychologie*. There are four philosophical journals published in America, all of which give much space to psychology. *Mind* is the only philosophical journal published in Great Britain, and it has been largely supported by American contributions. The retiring editor, Prof. Robertson, wrote in his valedictory last October: "The later volumes of *Mind* have included a good proportion of experimental research; but it can hardly have escaped attention that it has been contributed mostly from without, by American hands—the same hands that have been or are now organizing psychological laboratories over all the breadth of their own land."

It is a fact that our leading colleges and universities have psychological laboratories fitted up both for research and for instruction. The first courses of psychological instruction in which students worked in a laboratory (as in chemistry or biology) were given in America. The first professorships of psychology, distinguished from philosophy, were established in American universities, and there are now a large number of these. Psychology is a required study in most of our colleges, and advanced elective courses are usually offered. These courses are followed by many students and with interest. Recently at the University of Cambridge, with over 3,000 students, there were only three attending courses in psychology, and one of these was an American. At Oxford the study of psychology seemed to stop with Aristotle. The general interest in psychology in this country is shown by the numerous articles in the popular journals and by well-attended lectures. This winter at Columbia College Prof. James addressed an audience of perhaps 500, and Prof. Thompson, on a subject so technical as "Materialism and the Physiology of the Nervous System," had an audience of perhaps 200. This would scarcely occur in any foreign city.

America has during the past ten years contributed more to pyschology than any country except Germany, and it is rivalling Germany. I think, indeed, that America does its fair share of work in physics and biology, and more than its share in political economy and sociology. Psychology was the last philosophic discipline to become a natural science. It was needful that physics should prepare the way for biology, and biology for psychology. During the first part of this century the most important scientific advances were made by physics, afterwards the greatest progress was made in biology; now it seems likely that the mental and social sciences will become leading. In view of this, the important part taken by America in the advancement of these science sseems significant.—Yours truly,

J. McK. Cattell.

Columbia College, N. Y., March 8, 1892.

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your review of Prof. Lombroso's book, 'The Man of Genius,' in the *Nation* of February 25, shows, I think, that his method of inquiry is of very little value. His first induction (in reference to the connection between genius and stature) more especially seems open to various objections, and though much labor must have been bestowed upon the subject, how many great names are omitted, and how many obscure names are brought in seemingly because some account of stature was accessible! Your statement of the case at once brought to mind Lotze, who was a remarkably small man, and who, in his lectures on psychology, would mention as a notable fact that excellence in mental powers, also culture and refinement, were usually accompanied by smallness of stature. His listeners smiled, perhaps, and the small men in the audience felt "big" for the time being; but no further signs of mirth were perceptible, the Professor being much honored.

Of all the subjects of study concerning our own nature there is none that we would pursue more eagerly, if some sort of success seemed attainable, than the nature of the human mind, its forces, aptitudes, capabilities, and the conditions favoring their development. But it must be confessed that all this study is still in its infancy, and that only lately some attempts are being made at an experimental psychology. We were wont to treat psychology about as Seneca treats physics in his 'Naturales Quaestiones,' namely, by philosophizing about it. And this method, indeed, has its advantages, for the less we know of a thing, the easier it is to philosophize about it; the generalities flow more easily when not hampered by awkward facts, and these fine generalities are just indefinite enough to allow each reader to accommodate his own notions to the author's learned-sounding phrases.

The most valuable power of a scientific mind is the power to draw correct inferences from given premises, and scientific geniuses are superior to other minds chiefly in this logical power. Let us here make a useful distinction. He who can see a remote and difficult inference is *tiefsinnig* (deep); whereas he who perceives all the premises that must be taken into account as bearing upon the conclusion in question, is *scharfsinnig* (acute). Now it is true that no measurements of judgment exist, and it seems tacitly understood that they cannot be made. Nevertheless, judgment is that faculty which more readily than any other lends itself to grading, if not to numerical measurement. The problems often given in the text-books of logic suggest something of the kind. It must be possible to arrange sets of questions that can serve to test the judgment of people; and I may add that I have gradually collected a number of such questions which I have employed with this result, that by repeated trials their relative difficulty was pretty well ascertained and the questions could be arranged accordingly in a rising scale. If any one should here interpose the question, But whom do you find willing thus to have his measure taken at the risk of being put down as a dunce in the first or second degree? the answer is that young people in the class-room commonly enjoy the sport very much. Of course they are not told about the grading of the questions.

One of the earliest questions I used arose out of the following incident, of which I have personal knowledge. In a small town in Illinois a boy was bitten by a dog and it was feared that the dog was mad and would soon show signs of hydrophobia. A lively discussion arose. It was said by some that the dog must be killed, for if the dog got the hydrophobia, so would the boy. "Useless," said others; "the killing of the dog could do the boy no good after he has been bitten." "Of course it would," retorted the others, "for it is quite sure that if the dog gets mad, so will the boy." Simple as this thing appears, the village was actually divided into two contending parties, so that finally a deputation of two men was sent to this city to inquire of a renowned surgeon whether or not the dog should be killed. "You had better kill the dog," was the doctor's reply. Now, how great was the percentage of the people in the village unable to arrive at the correct conclusion? Suppose it was 30 per cent., how should this question be graded upon a scale of 10? By a scale of 10 I mean this: imagine all possible questions arranged according to their difficulty into ten degrees, No. 1 being so easy that any adult not an idiot will solve it, and No. 10 so difficult that only the highest intellect will solve it.

Now, before presenting further examples, I must premise an important consideration in the choice of questions. They should be so chosen that the subject-matter is practically equally well known to all concerned, as it was in the above dog incident, the question not hinging upon the nature of the poison or any scientific matter. I will now select the following example: I have two spiral springs similar to those used upon the trucks of railway-cars. I place the two springs upon the floor side by side, and, putting weights upon them, find that each spring is pressed all the way down by a weight of 100 pounds. Now I place the one spring on the top of the other and again apply weights. The question is what weight will press *both* springs all the way down. Simple as the solution may seem to many, the question is not answered correctly by more than 40 per cent., and is analyzed correctly by less than 20 per cent., according to a number of trials made.

Let me present another example. We have a steam-boiler filled with cold water. The boiler is tightly closed, but has a pipe fitted in, which is also filled with water communicating freely with the water in the boiler. This pipe at the other end is connected with a force-pump. We work the pump and produce a certain pressure in the boiler. Now, while the pressure lasts, we close a valve between the boiler and the pump. What now about the pressure in the boiler? Is it still there or not? This question is answered by a considerably smaller number than the one about the two springs. But upon substituting a rubber bag for the iron boiler, it becomes at once very much easier.

Here is a neat little question: A life-insurance agent from one of the larger towns of Illinois caught many people of my acquaintance in one of the smaller towns by the following simple talk: Our company, said he, is a mutual company and it has about ten times as many members as any other company. The consequence is, that when a member dies and an assessment has to be made to pay the loss, there falls to each of the surviving members a much smaller sum to be paid than would be the case in a smaller company.

These few examples will suffice to show the method of procedure. Now it would be desirable to bring together more material than can be collected by one person. If several persons who will take an interest in the matter

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would join, there might be made a valuable collection.

One remark as to those persons who are most apt to solve these logical questions. It is not the scholars commonly called "quick," nor is it the slow, nor those who excel in arithmetic or algebra. But a rule that seldom fails is this, that a scholar who is good in geometry will prove good also in all sorts of logical questions, so that observation agrees with what we should expect according to Plato.

Respectfully, WERNER A. STILLE.

ST. LOUIS, March 2, 1892.

ARMY OFFICERS FOR INDIAN AGENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the frequent allusions to the subject in and out of Congress, might it not be well to diffuse generally the information that the President may, under section 2062, Revised Statutes, detail an army officer to execute the duties of Indian agent whenever it may seem expedient to the chief Executive? It may, or may not, be advisable to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The immediate management and control of all Indians may be transferred to army officers without necessity for any legislation, and such control would, in the opinion of many wise men, be an unmixed blessing to all concerned—saving and except, possibly, the army officers.

An opinion is very prevalent that some new laws are required before a change can be made in the present methods.

Very respectfully, S. A.

AMILTON, O., March 3, 1892.

GERRY, NOT MORTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your review of Mr. Hale's so-called 'Story of Massachusetts' is on the whole so commendable that it is sad to see it conclude with so serious a lapse as the transfer to Governor Morton and some nameless Whig clergyman of the racy old anecdote of the Federalist Parson Osgood of Medford, and the first Thanksgiving Proclamation of Elbridge Gerry, the Jeffersonian Governor. Of course errors about matters of oral tradition are to be dealt with leniently, but they ought to be pointed out before they crystallize into the "lies agreed upon" which Mr. Wendell Phillips says constitute what we call history.

CAMBRIDGE, March 8, 1892.

Notes.

MARBOT'S Memoirs are to be published in English by the Messrs. Longman, and at once.

It is said that M. Alfred Maury, who died in Paris on the 12th of February, has left behind him for publication some memoirs of more than ordinary interest. M. Maury was some time director of the National Archives and librarian of the Tuileries, and had been a member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres since 1857. He was one of the most erudite scholars of our time, a doctor in letters, of law, of mathematical sciences, and interested in all knowledge. It was he who said of modern languages that the first ten gave a student some trouble, but that afterwards it was all plain sailing. He was a great teller of stories literary and political.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce 'A Manual of Musical History,' by James E. Matthews; with illustrations; an illustrated 'Pronouncing Handbook Dictionary'; 'The Art of Golf,' by Sir W. G. Simpson; and 'Earth-Burial and Cremation,' by Augustus G. Cobb.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press 'A Day at Laguerre's, and Other Days,' sketches by F. Hopkinson Smith; 'The Unseen Friend,' by Lucy Larcom; 'San Salvador,' by Mary Agnes Tincker; 'A Fellowe and his Wife,' by Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp; and 'Favorite Flies and Their History,' an illustrated book for anglers by Mary Orvis Marbury.

A selection of ten sermons made by the late Mr. Spurgeon will be issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title, 'Messages and Multitudes.'

Frederick Warne & Co. will add to their "Chandos Classics" Mme. D'Arblay's Diary and Letters, annotated, and prefaced by Macaulay's essay.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr's compact 'Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning' (London: Geo. Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan) has reached a sixth edition—the second since the poet's death. Its chief distinction from its immediate predecessors lies in the fact that the references have been conformed to the latest issue of Browning's works, of which the volume closes with a chronological bibliography and an alphabetical list. There can hardly be any need of another revision of this conscientious performance.

The latest volume in the companionable little "Stott Library" (Macmillan) is Wordsworth's Lyrics and Sonnets edited by Clement King Shorter. It bears on the title-page a vignette of the poet, and shows Dove Cottage as a frontispiece. A brief Wordsworth chronology is another feature, with a list of the significant editions of his works, and mention of his biographers, editors, and critics. Mr. Shorter would have excluded 6 of the 164 poems from Matthew Arnold's selection, and he admits to his own several which Arnold's taste rejected, and is able, by expiration of copyright, to make use of Wordsworth's later "improvements" (rightly or otherwise so called). His arrangement is his own and is reasonable; the sonnets are not massed except when related among themselves in point of subject or of time. To each poem its date is affixed.

Mr. Keltie adds twenty pages to his 'Statesman's Year-book' for 1892 (Macmillan), partly to be accounted for by two new introductory tables, viz., of the World's Money and the Forest Area of Europe. For his tables he borrows from Wagner and Supan's 'Bevölkerung der Erde' the estimated population of the earth in comparison with Mr. Ravenstein's, the two agreeing within twelve millions. New to this edition are also four maps, two of which (political Africa and the Pamir frontier) relate to important international questions. The present volume is further enriched by the censuses of the leading countries of the world.

Prof. George Bruce Halsted, whose valuable translation of Lobatchevsky's 'Non-Euclidian Geometry' we noticed the other day, has now published a translation of Bolyai's celebrated work on the same subject. The translator says in his introduction: "This strange Hungarian flower was saved for the world, after more than thirty-five years of oblivion, by the rare erudition of Prof. Richard Baltzer. In the second edition of his 'Elemente der Mathematik,' in 1867, Dr. Baltzer called attention to this remaking of geometry, and the name Bolyai was at last given its place in the history of science. Before that, the father, Wolfgang Bolyai, seems to have been the only person who really appreciated the work of his son John Bolyai." We are told that "Bolyai, when in garrison with cavalry officers, was challenged by thirteen of them at once. He accepted all, stipulating only that between each two successive duels he might play a bit on his violin. He was victor thirteen times." He left a manuscript of a thousand pages which has never been examined by a competent mathematician. The work now translated will be seen by most of those who are specially interested in the subject, for the first time. It is historically of the deepest interest, but, as an introduction to the subject, is inferior to the work of Lobatchevsky. Prof. Halsted's publication confers, however, an even greater boon upon mathematicians than his other translation.

A welcome contribution to the history of North German architecture is 'Das Mittelalterliche Riga,' written by W. Neumann and issued by the Historical and Antiquarian Society of the Russian Baltic provinces. It is a folio volume with frontispiece, twenty-six plates, and numerous woodcuts, and costs twenty marks. It is printed by Julius Springer in Berlin.

The manual of 'The Roman and Italic Printing Types in the Printing House of Theodore L. De Vinne & Co.' not only answers its end of displaying the typographical resources of the leading establishment in this city, including the presswork (here put to the test by numerous illuminated initial letters in many tints), but, by its preliminary discourse to the would-be bookmaker, and by its happy selections, conveys a great deal of information, practical and bibliolatrous. It is, in fact, a readable book.

From Longmans, Green & Co. we have the first number of a new quarterly, the *Investor's Review*, of which the purpose is well indicated by its title, though one must go further than the cover to get an idea of its able and vigorous editing. The objects of the magazine are full and frank discussion of current questions of finance, analysis of company balance-sheets, and classification of public securities—all done in the interests of buyers of securities, not of sellers. To prevent any suspicion of bias in favor of the latter, the editor, Mr. A. J. Wilson, announces that no financial advertisement of any kind will be received; and explains the somewhat high price of the *Review*—$6 a year—by the fact that he thus cuts himself off from an important source of income. We should say that it would be cheap at any price to the English investor, since it would prevent him from again blindly throwing away his savings in the Argentine Republic and elsewhere. We have nowhere seen a more trenchant exposure of the crazy and criminal methods of Argentine finance than that in this first number, which also has noteworthy articles on "Spain and her Debts," "Mr. Goschen's Currency Proposals," with many instructive examinations of mining companies, brewing corporations, etc.

Liebhaberkünste is the title of a new bimonthly journal of decorative art, the first number of which has just been issued by R. Oldenbourg (Munich and Leipzig). It is rich in illustrations and patterns for embroidery and all sorts of ornamental work on wood and porcelain, and promises to furnish the newest information on these subjects. The subscription price is three marks quarterly.

The Cambridge *Tribune* published a "Lowell memorial number" on February 20. This contains the latest portrait of Mr. Lowell, together with a number of views of Elmwood, both within and without the house, and por-

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traits of the poet's father and of his first wife. The text of the number is by various hands, and is of various degrees of interest and value. Perhaps some of the brief sketches signed by names unknown beyond the limits of Cambridge have as much biographical freshness as any of the rest. Prof. Norton's contribution, however, may be excepted from this remark. He says, we observe, of the rough draught of Lowell's "An Indian Summer Reverie," that it contains "some verses which, so far as I know, have never been printed, but which . . . deserve to be known, and are sure to be prized alike for their personal and local interest:

"'Propt on the marsh (a dwelling now) I see
The humble school-house of my A B C,' etc."

The greater part of these verses appeared in the introduction to the first series of the "Biglow Papers."

A late number of the Levant *Herald* gives some account of a ceremony and custom which, though they appear to be of yearly recurrence in the Holy Anatolian Church, may yet be little known to Western ritualists. On the Feast of the Epiphany, after divine service, the clergy, accompanied by the congregation, leave the church and proceed to the shore of the Bosphorus, where, after certain prayers, a silver cross is thrown into the water, symbolizing the Baptism of Christ. Hardly has the cross disappeared in the sea when a crowd of divers, who have held themselves ready, plunge in after it, and usually, after a brief scramble, some one of them brings it up. The lucky diver who secures it has the right to keep it throughout the day, and goes about with a companion or two through the town, showing it, and receiving in return the coppers of the faithful. We believe that there is nothing like this ceremony in the West, though the wedding of the Adriatic by the doges, and the feeing of the Christmas waits and the customs of boxing-day in England, seem to present some points of approach to it.

Appalachia for January (Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.) has an article on the Middlesex Fells, with a new map of that romantic region, which wise laws and public spirit seem likely to secure as an ultimate addition to the metropolitan park system, already without a peer in this country, if in any. And as the winter is passing, we may as well repair an omission to speak of the July number, with its topographical map of Mt. Monadnock, and its beautiful view of the San Antonio Mountain in Southern California.

Two articles in the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) for February give a permanent value to the number. One is Gen. A. W. Greely's observations on Bering's first voyage, in connection with its cartography, illustrated by a reproduction of De l'Isle's *Carte Générale* of 1752. This paper usefully supplements Mr. W. H. Dall's studies concerning the same navigator, and gives copious extracts from the itinerary of a Russian officer familiar with both Bering and De l'Isle. The other paper, by Israel C. Russell, has to do with the height and position of Mt. St. Elias, which is claimed as United States territory and "practically a corner monument of our national domain."

The prenasal fossa is discussed by Dr. Thomas Dwight, Parkman Professor at Harvard, in an eight-page reprint from the February number of the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*. Skulls exhibiting the feature in question are described and figured, and it is shown to occur only in man and the seal, a distinction being made between the fossa and the gutter (occupying a similar position) in the apes and other mammals. The fossa is of frequent occurrence in the Pacific islands, and especially so in Java. In a locality in Bavaria, Ebrach, it is said to reach a percentage of thirty-two. To the author it is indicative of lowness of race. Absent in the anthropoids, he says, it cannot be due to reversion or atavism, and its presence in animals so far apart as men and seals cannot be accounted for by similarity of external conditions. He further says: "The occurrence of the fossa prenasalis in man and seal implies a relation between distant animals other than that of heredity. It must be due to a law which we can grasp but vaguely, resting on a common plan, and, to some extent, on common tendencies." We should prefer to account for the occurrence of the fossa in the two cases by means of common tendencies resulting from similarity in effort and usage, rather than by supposing the existence of a law not at present recognized; and we should expect the peoples in which the fossa appears to have possessed habits—possibly of grasping, holding, or tearing with the front teeth—in a measure similar to some obtaining among the seals.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is exhibiting the Hermes of Praxiteles and the Venus Genetrix, colored by Joseph Lindon Smith in the light of our archæological knowledge and of his own instinct as a painter. An explanation of this experiment, by Mr. Edward Robinson, Curator of Classical Antiquities in the same institution, has been published by the Museum and will be found to possess exceptional interest.

Westermann & Co. send us the second part of Vogel's grand map of the German Empire published by Perthes at Gotha. Its two plates represent Schleswig and the Strassburg section, stretching east and west from Metz to Mannheim.

At the February meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. J. Theodore Bent gave an account of his explorations among the ruins in Mashonaland, South Africa. Those known as the Zimbabwe are the most extensive, covering a vast area of which the centre is a circular building "which is a perfect specimen of an ancient phallic temple," with massive walls, monoliths, three entrances, and "marvellous interior arrangements." Upon a hill above it was a fortress of extraordinary strength, within which was another temple with an altar built of small granite blocks; near this were found quantities of soapstone *phalli*. Its semicircular outer wall was decorated with pedestals five or six feet high, bearing carved birds resembling a vulture. Buried in the earth were iron bells, fine barbed copper spearheads, fragments of pottery of excellent glaze and workmanship, pieces of Persian and Celadon china, and soapstone bowls carved with representations of hunting scenes, processions, animals, geometrical patterns, and one inscription. Not far off stood a "gold-smelting furnace made of very hard cement," crucibles of the same material, tools for extracting gold from the furnaces, burnishers, and crushers. There were also heaps of "quartz casings from which the gold-bearing quartz had been extracted prior to crushing." As the ruins are far from any gold reef, it is evident that the people who mined the gold chose this place for their capital because of its peculiar defensive advantages. Who these were is not yet clear, though Mr. Bent does not hesitate to say that they were of Arabian origin. As to the time in which they lived, one thing only is certain, that it was before the days of Mahomet.

"E. S. S." writes to us from Ann Arbor:

"The reference in a recent criticism of Mr. Hale's 'History of Massachusetts' to his principle of not going further than the war of 1812, reminds me of an amusing error that appears annually in the catalogue of the University of Michigan. In the requirements for admission to the course for A.B., one of the items is 'History: the History of the United States as far as the close of the Revolutionary War.' Whether the Faculty perpetuate it as a mild joke, or allow it to remain through oversight, I do not know."

Mr. George William Curtis succeeds James Russell Lowell as honorary Vice-President of the Egypt Exploration Fund. The Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow will continue to act as honorary Secretary for America, in coöperation with forty-two local secretaries.

—A correspondent writes to us from Oxford:

"The Oxford University Dramatic Society gave on February 24, at the New Theatre, the first of a series of eight performances, 'reviving' the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes. The performance was uncommonly entertaining, although nearly two-fifths of the great original were, for one reason or another, omitted. It was wise to consult the convenience of the Dramatic Society and to dispense with the entertaining scenes with the Maidservant and the Tavernkeeper; it was prudent and perhaps unavoidable that the Contest of the Poets should be curtailed by 200 lines. Although the central point of interest in the play was undoubtedly somewhat shifted by this last omission, the audience was certainly better able to follow the portions given than it would have been to understand the whole scene, which was within the comprehension only of an Athenian public during the few years when the dramas minutely alluded to and parodied were fresh in every one's recollection. Among the characters whose comic proceedings were most enthusiastically applauded was the *Corpse*. In fact, the wild and persistent calls which resulted in the dead man's reappearance gave a farcical climax to the episode which was thoroughly Aristophanic, though not provided for in the text. The lesson in rowing given by *Charon* to the god *Dionysus* borrowed some of its merrymaking zest from familiar scenes upon the Isis and the Cam, and fairly brought down the house, while the rollicking fun in the part of *Xanthias*, as played by Mr. Lyon of Trinity, was positively infectious. A tendency to overdo the burlesque, noticeable in the too copious laughter of *Heracles*, the exaggerated helplessness of *Dionysus*, and elsewhere, had at least the advantage of helping those unfamiliar with the Greek to take the points. The contrast between *Euripides* and *Æschylus* was perhaps not quite the one intended by Aristophanes, but it was well marked and perfectly well grasped by the audience. *Euripides* figured rather too much as the effeminate man, and might indeed have been mistaken for *Agathon*; but the comic travesty of Æschylean song given by Mr. Ponsonby of Balliol—who was *Euripides* after being the *Corpse*—was one of the great successes of the performance. Dr. Hubert Parry's music was uncommonly modern, and yet gave great emphasis to the wonderfully telling contrasts of the play. The funereal march-strains when the *Corpse* was borne in had something of the humor of Mozart; the serious and really beautiful song of the *Mystae* was interrupted by reminiscences of the Boulanger March used to express the political turpitude of *Theramenes*. A similar effect was obtained by the sudden introduction of the 'See-saw' waltz, but the happiest inspiration of them all led Dr. Parry to give his Chorus, successively describing the manner of Euripides and that of Æschylus, first the page's song from Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots,' and then a few most uncompromising bars from Beethoven's ninth symphony. The dancing of the Chorus was most pleasing, having something of the swing peculiar to well-known parts of 'Patience' and 'Pinafore.' The scenery was appropriate, especially the Lake of Acheron, from beneath whose waters the song of the Frogs was heard while three or four frogs' heads emerged rhythmically around the boat of Charon."

—An old contributor writes:

"I had just reread Ritschl's merciless review of Madvig's 'Adversaria,' in which the Danish scholar's false quantities are not spared (Opusc. iii. 164), when I opened a volume of 'Abhandlungen aus dem Gebiet der klassischen Alter-

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tumswissenschaft Wilhelm von Christ zum sechzigsten Geburtstage dargebracht,' and began with the 'Carmen Salutatorium' by J. Menrad, who is known as the author of a creditable piece of work on contraction and synizesis in Homer. Where his master Christ studied, I do not know; but many a sexagenarian scholar of Ritschl's school would rather have died at fifty-nine than have lived on to be congratulated in a poem that begins with the portentous blunder *Iam lux ter vicies*. To be sure, *vicies* is no worse than Madvig's *nātasse* and *pāletur*, and Latin verses are an anachronism; but the anachronist should possess and use a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, under penalty of having his verses considered *perparvi valoris*, as a German Latinist wrote the other day."

—Prof. William James has produced an abridgment of his important treatise upon Psychology, with some additional matter for the use of beginners (Henry Holt & Co.). His "natural science" method, which consists of ignoring all general doubt, is carried even further in the briefer than in the fuller work. An epilogue is appended for the further defence of this method, but to no avail. Students of molecular physics presume, for reasons that seem good to them, that certain things are absolutely true of the universe in every part, such as the tridimensionality of space, its infinity, the law of action and reaction, the principle of energy, and the like. These universal truths, as they are held to be, have a basis in experience, but are extended so far beyond the domain of observation as to be fairly termed metaphysical. In many branches of physics it is easy to show that they are near enough true for practical purposes; but in molecular discussions the question of the truth of such things has to be sifted to the bottom, on pain of leaving a grave doubt over the whole subject. In psychology the same thing is far more true. The list of metaphysical positions is longer, and they are far more dubious; so much so that students of psychology have hitherto considered metaphysical discussions as unavoidable. Such discussions have by no means been omitted by physicists, although the present unsatisfactory state of molecular theory is in part owing to the small aptitude of laboratory men for the kind of thinking requisite for the solution of such problems. Prof. James's method practically comes to keeping the most general questions out of the focus of distinct apprehension and thus entrapping himself, or at least the reader, into confident but dangerous and unexamined assumptions. To have pointed these out all along would not have made the book much longer nor seriously harder for the student.

—The horticulturists of Paris were greatly surprised, a few weeks ago, by the display at the Halles of a flower hitherto absolutely unknown to them. Several boxes of bright-green pinks were put on sale. Pinks of all other colors have abounded: white ones are common, red ones have been a great deal too common; but no human eye had ever seen green ones before, except, perhaps, as the *Temps* rather wickedly said, in impressionist pictures. The flowers took at once with the public and sold rapidly at a couple of francs each. But the police, suspecting some mystification, and doubting lest the flowers might be in some way harmful, seized all that were exposed for sale, and sent them to the public chemist for examination. M. Girard recognized at once the fact that the coloring was artificial, and soon discovered the way in which it had been done. The stems of fresh-cut flowers had been dipped in a color-bath. The color mounted up the stem by capillary action and was reduced there, but was reoxidized in the petals when it came in contact with the air. The flower preserves its aroma. Further investigation disclosed that this discovery had been made accidentally by some girls who were at work upon artificial flowers. Many other flowers, especially narcissuses and lilacs, can be colored in the same way as the pinks, and the discovery seems likely to give rise to a new and horrible industry.

LOUNSBURY'S CHAUCER.—I.

Studies in Chaucer, his Life and Writings. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. 3 vols. Harper & Bros. 1892.

THE publication of three large volumes of 'Studies in Chaucer' from so competent a pen as that of Prof. Lounsbury may without exaggeration be called an important event in the history of American scholarship, and the fact that these Studies are not merely *ad clerum* makes it also an important event in the history of American letters. The eight chapters of which the work is composed are independent of each other, and fairly entitled to be termed monographs in the strictest sense of that much-abused word.

The first two chapters are biographical. In chapter i. what is known of Chaucer's life is lucidly told, with due citation of evidence, and such theories as can muster a respectable body of adherents are critically considered. In chapter ii. — "The Chaucer Legend" — the fables that have taken the place of fact in many accounts of the poet are collected and exposed. This relegation of legendary matter to a separate essay is a happy device. By means of it, the first chapter gains a straightforwardness which it could not have if the author were obliged constantly to clear the way of obsolete absurdities. But, even after this setting aside of the demonstrably untrue, there still remain problems enough to tax the powers of the clearest-headed biographer. To the examination of these Mr. Lounsbury brings sound common sense and a judicially sceptical frame of mind. He is also master of an easy, flowing style—leisurely, but not diffuse or prolix—and of a pleasantly subacid humor. As a result he has produced not merely the most scholarly life of Chaucer yet written, but by all odds the most readable. That his leisurely pace now and then beguiles him into repetition, and that his humor occasionally induces an epigram of doubtful validity, are trifling faults that the grateful reader will be glad to overlook.

In the vexed question as to the year of Chaucer's birth, Mr. Lounsbury states with characteristic fairness and perspicuity the arguments for 1340 and for an earlier date. 1328 he of course rejects; but he finds it impossible to accept 1340, which has of late received a sort of conventional authentication. On the whole, he is disposed to favor "a time between 1331 and 1335" as being "in accordance with all the conditions implied in the references made to his age by Chaucer himself or by his contemporaries." There is little to allege against this proposed date, and that little is pretty satisfactorily answered. The deposition in the Scrope-Grosvenor case is too indefinite to argue from; the station of Chaucer in Prince Lionel's household is unknown to us; the 'Book of the Duchess' can hardly be the 'Ceyx and Alcyone' which the poet wrote in his youth.

While, however, one may admit that there is nothing cogent against Mr. Lounsbury's date, his affirmative arguments are not entirely convincing. He produces in evidence a number of passages in which Chaucer is referred to as "old," either by himself or by his contemporaries. If Chaucer died at the age of sixty, he reasons, these passages, some of them written a good while before his death, become at once unintelligible. Of the four passages quoted from the poet himself, that from the 'Legend of Good Women' is too vague, and that from the 'House of Fame' is too jocular, to be accepted as a chronological datum. The third is the 'Envoy to Scogan,' conjecturally put in 1393. In this Chaucer not only makes his friend call him "olde Grisel" (old gray horse) and insinuate that he is somewhat frisky for his years, but speaks of himself as "hoar and round of shape," and, inferentially, as unlikely to succeed in affairs of love. Further, he hints that he has given up versifying:

> "Ne thinke I never of sleep to wake my muse
> That rusteth in my shethe stille in pees;
> Whyl I was yong, I putte hir forth in prees."

The jocose "olde Grisel" is, of course, inconclusive, not merely because it is jocose, but because, whatever may be thought the proper time of life for a man to give up philandering, there can surely be no necessary impropriety in a man of fifty-three calling himself stout and gray-haired, and suggesting that younger gallants have the advantage of him. But the reference to the dormant Muse seems to Mr. Lounsbury decisive. "He is now a veteran, and he feels no disposition to lag superfluous on the stage. In the crowd of aspirants he could bear his part . . . when he was young," etc. To express himself thus, he thinks, Chaucer must have been at least sixty.

The difficulty with all this is that the passage, if taken so seriously, proves too much. The third of the lines just quoted needs little pressing to make it testify that all Chaucer's long poems were written in his youth; and this is a statement hard to reconcile with the facts. If Chaucer was born in 1340, his Muse was emphatically among the prees till his forty-eighth year—till his fifty-third or fifty-seventh year, if we accept Mr. Lounsbury's 1331–35—and this time of life cannot be called youth. In brief, it is unsafe to use the language of the 'Envoy' for Mr. Lounsbury's purposes. Chaucer's words are quite consistent with his having been a hale and hearty man in late middle life, who was inclined to laugh at himself as an oldster—just as he had in the 'Troilus' described himself, with mock humility, as the *servus servorum* of Love—and who had either forsworn love-verses, to which in his youth he had been addicted, or given up poetical composition altogether for a time. The latter alternative would suit well enough with the business on which Chaucer was engaged in 1393. He was superintending the cleaning and repair of roads, dykes, and ditches along the Thames—an occupation not altogether favorable to inspiration.

The fourth passage is the Envoy to the 'Compleynt of Venus,' in which occur the lines:

> "For elde, that in my spirit dulleth me,
> Hath of endyting al the soteltee
> Wel ny bereft out of my remembraunce."

But this language is shown by the poem itself to be exaggerated; for the 'Compleynt,' as Mr. Lounsbury himself says, "is one of [Chaucer's] feats of poetical strength" in the handling of a difficult and artificial metre. Chaucer is always fond of apologetic allusions to his insufficiency, and there is nothing absurd in supposing that, at the age of fifty-nine or sixty—old enough to call himself advanced in years—he should assign *elde* as an excuse for his self-alleged, but imaginary, deficiencies in skill. In all this we are not arguing in favor of 1340—for which we have no especial prepossession—or against 1331–5, with which we have no quar-

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rel. We are simply contending that it is not safe to use these four passages as evidence in the question of Chaucer's birth.

Of the references to Chaucer's age made by his contemporaries, only one is of any importance. This is the well-known message from Venus, near the end of the first or "royal" version of the 'Confessio Amantis.' The language there used appears to Mr. Lounsbury ridiculous if addressed to a man of fifty-two or fifty-three, and that would be Chaucer's age if he was born in 1340 and this version appeared in 1393. It seems not to have struck Mr. Lounsbury that, if the "royal" version be referred to 1386 (a date which he is disposed to favor) and Chaucer's birth to 1333 (a date which falls within his proposed limits), the age of the poet would still be but fifty-three, and the words of Venus would be as inappropriate as ever. In fact, however, the terms of the message may without violence be made to bear an interpretation different from that ordinarily given. She has just informed Gower that he is too old to devote himself to her longer, and she bids him convey to "her disciple and poet," Chaucer, the following injunction: "In the flower of your youth you wrote many balladeS and virelays in my honor, wherewith all the land is filled. Now that you are old, it is time for you to quit my service. As a fitting valedictory, therefore, make your testament of love, as Gower has made his shrift." Thus explained, "to set an end to all his work" is a suggestion not that Chaucer cease writing when he has made his testament of love, but merely that he cease writing amatory verse or that he abandon the service of Venus; and either of these things he might without impertinence be called upon to do at the age of fifty. Younger than this he surely was not; for the 'Confessio Amantis' in its first form was pretty certainly finished after 1390. This date is satisfactorily fixed by a marginal note to which attention was first called by Karl Meyer in his interesting dissertation, 'John Gower's Beziehungen zu Chaucer und König Richard II.' (Bonn, 1889). Mr. Lounsbury does not mention Meyer's essay, and clings to the old date, 1386 (or earlier), which rests on theory alone.

In the debate on the parentage of Thomas Chaucer, Mr. Lounsbury takes what seems the only tenable position since Prof. Hales's appeal to Gascoigne. It is carrying incredulity very far, he thinks, to suppose that the Oxford Chancellor can have been mistaken about the famous commoner who was his contemporary and almost his neighbor. In some ways, however, Mr. Lounsbury has been more than fair to the opposition. Lydgate wrote two poems in honor of Thomas Chaucer, in neither of which is there any mention of the poet; and this is thought to create a difficulty. The difficulty vanishes when the poems are inspected. They were both composed, according to Shirley, in 1414, when Thomas Chaucer was setting out for France on a diplomatic errand, and are thus of an altogether occasional character. The first depicts the grief of the family and friends of the ambassador at the thought of his departure, and foretells their loneliness while he is gone. Here is no place for an allusion to a fourteen-years-dead father, unless it were lugged in as Sancho did his proverbs. The second is ostensibly addressed to a woman, and has the refrain, "But when I see my lady dear!" Here there was no possibility of alluding to Geoffrey Chaucer, had he been ten times the father of Thomas. In his description of the Chaucer seals, Mr. Lounsbury has again admitted more than the opposition has any right to demand. The first letter of [*G*]*HOFRAI*, he says, has disappeared and we know nothing of it. But Mrs. Haweis, whom he cites, says merely that the first letter is "illegible," and Hunter speaks of it as "indistinct." In the engraving which accompanies Hunter's note (*Archæologia*, xxxiv., 43), the presence of the letter is clear enough; the only question is what the letter shall be called.

In one respect Mr. Lounsbury has done the cause of sobriety in conjecture especial service in this chapter. He has pointed out the tenuity of the evidence on which we are sometimes asked to believe that Chaucer's wife was a shrew and his married life "a failure." And he has followed up his advantage by exposing (in chapter ii.) the pretty romance which it is now the fashion to speak of as "Chaucer's long, early, and hopeless love." He might have added another illustration if his case had needed it. If the methods used in constructing the story of Chaucer's wooing were applied to the 'Confessio Amantis,' we shudder to think what a "heart-tragedy" might be made out of the life of the respectable and prosy Gower. The data are plentiful, and the dissertator who takes our hint will find them astonishingly precise.

Chapter iii.—"The Text of Chaucer"—contains an interesting exposition of the dangers which environed the tradition of an author's works in the age of manuscript. In his illustrations of scribes' blunders, Mr. Lounsbury is for the most part well-advised; but in one important instance we are obliged to disagree with him. In the famous line, "An he ne wol don hem no dishonour," at the end of the Wife's ironical praise of the "limitours and other holy freres" who have banished the fairies by their pious presence, he wishes to restore *but* for *no*, on the ground that *no* makes "the conclusion tame and utterly pointless." With all his feeling for Chaucer's humor, Mr. Lounsbury has missed the point here. The remark, "Of course the holy friars will not hurt women," is naturally to be taken in the same spirit as "husbondes ben alle goode," or

> "How mighte a man have any adversite
> That hath a wyf? certes I can not seye."

"In an age when the business of transcribing texts was mainly carried on in the monasteries, it was no difficult matter for a copyist to persuade himself that he was doing the Lord a service when he converted an attack upon a religious body into a commendation of it by an expedient so simple as the substitution of a *no* for a *but*." Now, in the first place, few persons have ever taken the line for commendatory, even in the form in which the editors offer it. Again, does Mr. Lounsbury think that Chaucer's Adam Scrivener was a monk?

A convenient account of the printed editions, from Caxton's in 1478 to Morris's Aldine text, succeeds this examination of the manuscript sources, and is followed by remarks on the versification of Chaucer, and the labors of modern scholars in ascertaining his language and metre. Mr. Lounsbury offers just tribute of praise to the admirable Tyrwhitt; but he speaks too slightingly of Thomas Wright, who, whatever his deficiencies, was widely learned in mediæval literature, and put his learning to uses that have left all succeeding students deeply in his debt. A lighter case of injustice is the charging of Prof. Skeat with an unnecessary emendation—"or *Theseus* brende Thebes the citee"—which that scholar withdrew some three years ago. Mr. Lounsbury has evidently overlooked Mr. Skeat's amended note, which is more satisfactory, indeed, than his own comment. The services of Prof. Child, the founder of the scientific study of Chaucer's language, and of Dr. Furnivall, the indefatigable director of the Chaucer Society, are duly recognized, and the chapter closes with a statement of what remains to be done in text-criticism and in exegesis.

The chapter on "The Writings of Chaucer" is divided into two parts. The first deals with the tests commonly used in establishing the Chaucerian canon, and gives what information is needful about all the spurious or doubtful works except one—the 'Romaunt of the Rose.' With regard to the other works that have been attributed to the poet on insufficient grounds, Mr. Lounsbury is substantially in accord with the best accredited modern criticism. He finds it hard to give up 'The Cuckoo and the Nightingale,' but he decides that the balance of probabilities is against it. He is not quite accurate, however, in saying that this poem "does not violate a single one of the metrical tests." In the second part of the chapter, devoted to the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' Mr. Lounsbury arrives at a conclusion so different from the prevailing opinion that his elaborate monograph of more than 160 pp. will no doubt receive the closest scrutiny. He believes that the extant fragmentary version is entirely from Chaucer's hand. His criticism of the evidence against this view is interesting and brings out some points hitherto overlooked; but, except in the matter of the "vocabulary test" and perhaps of the "strange-rhyme test"—two criteria far from indispensable to the case of the separatists—he has not done his opponents much damage. The "*-y*, *-ye* test," in itself all but decisive, comes off unscathed. The "final *e* test," perhaps the most important of all, is very oddly treated. Inadvertently, no doubt, for nobody can suppose that he has deliberately suppressed the evidence or was ignorant of its significance, Mr. Lounsbury has neglected to apprise his readers of the existence of between one and two hundred cases in which the rhymes of the 'Romaunt' violate Chaucer's usual practice with regard to final *e*. The effect of this omission on the validity of Mr. Lounsbury's results is obvious.

There are other errors in this part of the monograph, but we have barely space to speak, in the briefest terms, of Mr. Lounsbury's affirmative arguments. These all come under the head of identity of style, but may be roughly classed as (1) the argument from the usage in common of "certain individual words and brief phrases"; (2) the argument from parallel passages; and (3) the argument from synonyms. The first of these is of little importance. The third can be mathematically demonstrated to be based on erroneous assumptions. The second cannot be admitted in evidence until Mr. Lounsbury's long lists have been reduced to their lowest terms by the excision of idioms, literal translations, and literary commonplaces. Such excision will reduce these lists to proportions no longer impressive or even particularly noteworthy. In spite, then, of Mr. Lounsbury's very skilful conduct of his case, we must be allowed to accept the theory that the 'Romaunt' translation (with the possible exception of the first 1,700 lines) is not Chaucer's, but the work of imitators—for this theory satisfies all the conditions of the problem better than Mr. Lounsbury's hypothesis, and does not, like that, come into violent contact with insuperable difficulties in dialect, metre, and grammar. Dr. Kaluza's observations with regard to the first 1,700 lines of the poem are not mentioned by Mr. Lounsbury, even in his Appendix, though in the body of the book he cites a letter of Skeat's in which they are discussed. This omission is much to be regretted, for it would

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have been interesting to see how Mr. Lounsbury squares the facts noticed by the Königsberg scholar with his own theory.

To "The Learning of Chaucer" we can give but a word. In this admirable dissertation Mr. Lounsbury has collected all that is known of the subject. Yet the chapter is far from being a mere compilation. The author's own contributions are considerable, and his criticism of the conclusions of other investigators is of the highest value. The essay is henceforth indispensable alike to the tyro and to the adept. Particularly interesting is Mr. Lounsbury's estimate of Chaucer's obligations to Dante, which is very different from that of Skeat and Ten Brink, but seems judicious. His theories about Chaucer's relations to Petrarch and Boccaccio are less probable. One is glad, however, to have him controvert the opinion, "current rather than well-considered," which a recent English advocate of the separation of the study of literature from the study of philology has summed up in the amazing dictum, "But for the 'Decamerone' we should never have had the 'Canterbury Tales.'" In one respect the essay is defective: due weight is not given to the influence of the metrical romances on the style of Chaucer. But on this point Mr. Lounsbury is in full agreement with most historians of literature. Here and there a trifling error or omission has escaped the author's eye. Maximian, for example, is not included in the list of authors whom Chaucer may have known. In the paragraph on the Physiologus the reader is for once not made acquainted with the results of recent scholarship; a reference to Lauchert would have solved all the problems raised by the passage from St. Jerome, in which, by the way, the received reading is apparently *physiologos*. But these minor blemishes go for nothing in comparison with the general excellence of a thoroughly satisfactory piece of work.

The sixth chapter consists of two short essays —"The Relations of Chaucer to the English Language" and "The Relations of Chaucer to the Religion of his Time." The first of these lays no claim to be regarded as a contribution to the as yet unwritten history of the growth of a literary language in England. It was intended for the general reader, and is therefore chiefly taken up with the correction of two gross errors — the assumption that Chaucer spent his days and nights in consciously attempting to refine the English tongue, and the idle fancy that he debased or at any rate extensively altered it by a large importation of French words. Mr. Lounsbury has, of course, no difficulty in disposing of these figments. He seems, however, to lay too much stress on the influence of Chaucer in fixing the East Midland as the dialect of literature and of educated speech. At all events, we miss an estimate of other influences without which Chaucer's would perhaps have failed to be definitive.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

Hamlet from the Actor's Standpoint. Its Representatives and a Comparison of Their Performances. By Henry P. Phelps. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

The Art of Acting, in connection with the Study of Character, the Spirit of Comedy, and Stage Illusion. By Percy Fitzgerald. Macmillan & Co.

Playhouse Impressions. By A. B. Walkley. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Twenty Years at the Play, and Dramatic Table Talk. By Clement Scott. London: The Railway and General Automatic Library.

The Stage Fright; or, How to Face an Audience. By Adolph Kielblock. Boston: George H. Ellis.

MR. PHELPS, already favorably known to collectors of theatrical books as the author of a history of the drama in Albany, has now begun a series of volumes on the stage history of famous plays, with a volume on the most famous of all plays, "Hamlet." Mr. Phelps sets out to do for the *Hamlets* of all the actors what Mr. Mason did recently for the *Othello* of a single actor, Signor Salvini; that is to say, he considers in turn and at some length the personation of the greatest of Shaksperian characters by the greatest actors of the English-speaking stage, from Richard Burbage and Thomas Betterton to Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Henry Irving. He gives us first a chronological account of "The Hamlets of the Stage," a general description of each actor's conception of the character and of his performance as a whole, quoting freely from contemporary critics. Then he considers, one by one, the chief scenes of the play—the scene with the ghost, for example, that with the players, that with the Queen, that in the churchyard; and he shows us how each great actor acted this particular bit, what his arrangement of the stage was, what his reading of the text, what his illustrative "business." This division of the volume is that which is probably the most valuable, for it serves to bring out emphatically the fact that Shakspere wrote his plays to be played, and that he devised them so that the accomplished actor can find his account in the performance even of the smaller parts. Just now there is a tendency to consider Shakspere simply as a poet, and to forget the fact that he was a practical playwright as well, the most successful and popular of his time. But to overlook Shakspere's mastery of the stage is to neglect the fundamental condition which made his plays what they are. It is a real help to the understanding of Shakspere's greatest tragedy that Mr. Phelps has provided us with in this volume; he has done his work well, and it was very well worth doing.

The one fault a critic could find with 'The Stage History of Hamlet' is that the book itself is ill made. The page is sprawling and the presswork mean. And this is also the one fault to be found with 'The Art of Acting,' which forms part of a so-called "Dilettante Library," and which is as ugly a book as any recently sent from the press. Its page is cramped, its type is ill-chosen, and its cover is some strange abomination of imitation alligator-hide. But the contents were worthy of a better setting. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, as all readers of his Lives of David Garrick, the Kembles, and the Sheridans know to their sorrow, is a careless bookmaker, himself well read in the history of the English theatre, but turning out books lacking in symmetry and in grammar. The style of the present volume is not irreproachable, and it is not as well planned as it might be; but it contains wisdom, and its sins may be forgiven. Although it is not a well-printed book, and although it is involved and slovenly, and sometimes inconsistent, nevertheless it is, in its way, one of the few books which one could put into the hands of a young actor; and how rare books of this quality are no one knows who has not sought them. Cibber's 'Apology,' Churchill's 'Rosciad,' Lamb's dramatic essays, Sarcey's 'Comédiens et Comédiennes,' Legouvé's 'Soixante Ans de Souvenirs,' and a scant half-dozen more—and we are at the end of the list. With many apt anecdotes and illustrations, Mr. Fitzgerald enforces sound doctrine on subjects as various as tone, distinction, breadth, facial expression, gesture, stage business, and the like.

No contrast could well be sharper than that which is forced upon every reader who happens to take up Mr. Clement Scott's 'Thirty Years at the Play' just after reading Mr. A. B. Walkley's 'Playhouse Impressions.' Mr. Clement Scott is the theatrical critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*, and he writes the sort of English which has "the largest circulation in the world"; he is always cock-sure and for ever gushing. Mr. Walkley writes the dramatic criticisms of the new and vigorous London weekly, the *Speaker;* he is a scholar, and although he swaggers overmuch, he is a gentleman. Both of these London critics love the theatre; both have a wide experience—Mr. Walkley in libraries as well as in theatres; and Mr. Clement Scott in the playhouses themselves—apparently he has never read anything but the newspapers. Mr. Walkley represents the immediate future of the London stage, ready for any advance, and welcoming any return of literature into the playhouse. Mr. Clement Scott represents the immediate past of the London stage, given over to strained adaptations from the French, to the tea-cup-and-saucer comedy of Robertson, and to the empty melodrama of the new Adelphi school of Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Robert Buchanan and their fellows. Mr. Walkley is frankly a follower of the impressionistic methods of M. Jules Lemaitre, easy generally, witty frequently, although sometimes not without effort. Mr. Clement Scott is frankly a British Philistine of the extremest type, resolutely conventional in middle-class morality, uneducated in any exact sense of the word, illogical, narrow, intolerant of light—in short, an ideal contributor to the *Daily Telegraph*. Of course Mr. Clement Scott virtuously denounces the plays of M. Dumas *fils*, and he hates intensely the plays of Ibsen. So we find his little book full of vulgar self-sufficiency and cheap reminiscence, almost valueless except in so far as it is a revelation of a character probably common enough in the lower grades of British theatrical journalism.

Mr. Walkley's volume has a value of its own. Whatever his failings, it is almost unfair to him to link his name with Mr. Clement Scott's. Mr. Walkley knows the history of the drama —he can find a Latin original for a French play adapted into English. He knows his Sarcey and his Lemaitre; he has theories of his own, plausible if not convincing, like the difference between presentation and representation set forth on p. 175. He is less insular than Mr. Clement Scott, who, indeed, is rather parochial than insular; but there is abundant insularity in his final remarks on the performance of the "Taming of the Shrew," on p. 41. The book is often brilliant and stimulating, and represents a healthy revolt against the childishness which now and then dominates theatrical criticism; and so it is welcome.

The little book on 'Stage Fright' which Mr. Adolph Kielblock has prepared is more abundant in examples than it is rich in remedies. Stage fright is an indisputable fact, and its victims are never certain that a cure is permanent. Mr. Kielblock gives advice and suggests various devices by which stage fright may be overcome. But at bottom they amount to this: Do not let yourself be frightened. Nevertheless, some of the hints he proffers may be of use to young actors, speakers, and performers.

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Katalog einer Richard Wagner Bibliothek. Von Nikolaus Oesterlein. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. 3 vols.

MOST of the visitors to the Musical and Theatrical Exhibition to be held in Vienna next summer will doubtless devote a few hours to Oesterlein's Wagner Museum, a remarkable collection by a remarkable enthusiast. Here is a museum consisting of three large rooms filled with books, pamphlets, busts, photographs, medals, letters, and other manuscripts, Bayreuth and other first programmes, cards, newspaper clippings, and an endless variety of curios pertaining to Wagner and his operas. This collection was made entirely and unaided by Herr Oesterlein, who has devoted all his leisure time to this object for the last twenty-four years, and expended vast sums of money from his private purse. What makes this the more remarkable is that he is not a music-teacher, nor a professional musician, but a business man, whose interest is merely that of an amateur, although he has studied harmony and written a few pamphlets on Wagner's works at Bayreuth and in Vienna. It was in 1868 that the perusal of 'Oper und Drama' made such a deep impression on him that from that moment he became a most ardent disciple of the master. His plans for a Wagner museum were slowly matured, and in 1887 the museum was opened with musical ceremonies, including the singing of the "Wachet auf" by members of various local choral societies, conducted by Hans Richter. The museum is decidedly worth seeing, and it will some day be of inestimable value to musical historians and biographers. At present, owing to lack of room, many of the documents are difficult of access, but Herr Oesterlein hopes before long to be able to secure more ample quarters for them. He hopes and expects that some other admirers of Wagner will help to provide the necessary funds. Philistines have often sneered at him and his museum, but these Philistines are the very persons who, had they been born thirty years later, would have wondered why no one had started a museum like Oesterlein's, and filled it with Wagner documents while they were still accessible.

It is not so much to the museum, however, that we wish to call attention in this notice as to Herr Oesterlein's catalogue of his collection. This is a gigantic undertaking—three volumes of 322, 356, and 518 pages. In these volumes there are about 20,000 entries of the various objects referred to above. Under appropriate divisions we find enumerated all of Wagner's own writings, musical and literary, and most of the books, pamphlets, etc., that have appeared regarding him in various countries. Especially valuable are the numerous references to newspaper articles (all of which, be it understood, are in the museum). Non-German newspapers are not very liberally represented, and Mr. Oesterlein would be grateful for gifts in this direction; but the important articles on Wagner and his works that have appeared in German and Austrian newspapers are almost all enumerated. Under one heading, for instance, will be found the pertinent contents of musical periodicals like the *Signale*, *Neue Zeitschrift*, etc., from the beginning of the Wagner movement. In many cases, especially in the third volume, Herr Oesterlein has not only given the date of the paper, but cited a sentence or two which would be most likely to interest an amateur or biographer. This, with the section on comic papers, makes very interesting reading; it includes many of the laughable comments on Wagner's early operas, and the prophecies about their speedy disappearance.

The volumes are beautifully printed in large type, and the only objection that can be urged against them is the over-elaborateness of the classification. But this does not affect the value of Herr Oesterlein's work, which is a monument of patient research and utility. The writer of this notice tested its data freely in the German libraries last summer, and found them absolutely accurate.

The Book Bills of Narcissus: An Account rendered by Richard Le Gallienne. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

WHAT is the life of the modern youth—not him whose "habits are good" and there is no more to be said, but the youth with ideas in his head and passions in his heart who goes faring into the greenwood and finds freshness in the new day? No one really knows; but now and then in some indiscreet book one gets a glimpse of it. Narcissus was such a youth; and in these few pages there is just such a mixture of the elements at their kneading work as belongs to the growing time of man. To a sympathetic and tolerant mind, not to be bored by the comedy of salad days, the volume is entertaining, and possibly illuminating. When one finds Mr. Pater's 'Marius,' Sinnett, 'Richard Feveril,' 'Sigurd the Volsing,' Browning's 'Dramatis Personæ,' jostling 'Sartor Resartus,' 'Walden,' Walt Whitman, Zanoni, and Marcus Aurelius, in the intellectual influences of the hour, he may be sure the youth is "modern" to the finger-nail; and out of such miscellaneous impulses and moods working in the "artist" (it used to be called the "poet") nature, what spirit of the new age will be evoked? Read 'Narcissus' if you would have an inkling of it. There you will find an attractive nature, soft to every thought or mood or even whim, yielding in every fibre of his unconscious selfishness, giving out egotism at every pore of sensation or sentiment, and withal wholly charming in the impression he makes—a mind comically adrift and a heart altogether at home with love-adventure; just a sapling of the dilettanti—but phrases are varied in vain to describe the new birth of æsthetic time.

The author who thus delivers his friend over to the Philistines makes the betrayal cleverly enough; he writes with ease and enjoys the dropping of the words, the distillation of the honey as it must seem to him, and occasionally he lights the page with a fine perception of what makes gentle and lovely character, or even keeps for an entire paragraph in a strain of what the school would call eloquence. The sketches of life, particularly that of the household life of the Whitmanite, which is the best chapter, are effectively and at the same time smoothly done; the children's verses, and the children themselves, in the aforesaid household, are sure to be welcome to any child-loving heart; but (otherwise Narcissus would not be Narcissus) there are other scenes that are certainly not for the "home-circle"—let us call them "unmoral" scenes. It is, as has been indicated, a singular little confession, a very modern one, infantile modern; but, above all other things, it has frankness like that of youthful unconcern, only dimly beginning to guess its own comedy. It will be smiled at—the ungentle may even call it silly; but, notwithstanding, it is a spring flower in the not quite pellucid stream of youth, and shows the eddies and currents of the last decade. The author seems to threaten more. Let him not carry out such a purpose; "youth's sweet-scented manuscript" not only must, but should, "close."

The Works of Robert Herrick. Edited by A. W. Pollard. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Scribners.

THIS is the latest addition to the fast-increasing list of Herrick reprints or anthologies, and in many ways the most notable of them all, though not so handsome as the famous Pickering edition or the Edinburgh reprint of 1823. Mr. Pollard has made a wise selection in excluding from his edition the almost uniformly dull or obscene epigrams that so mar the complete reprint, and numbering the remaining lyrics with reference to their omission, thus making it possible, he says, "to print the Epigrams in a detachable appendix," which is or is not—this he does not say—to be printed; but Palgrave's sterner excision of the trivial numbers, sacred and profane, still makes his 'Chrysomela' the edition that pleases most, and least fatigues, the reader. Mr. Pollard's two small volumes, however, are for both the scholar and the reader. For the reader (that is, for *some* readers), he has modernized the quaint and often delightful spelling of the first edition. For the scholar he has enriched his work with foot-notes, collected notes, and appendices, which not only show admirable care and learning, but are entertaining enough to disarm even such a hater of notes as Miss Repplier, especially where they describe the English festival rites, customs, and superstitions, with allusions to which the "Hesperides" so teems; and the edition is provided with two indices—one of personal allusions and one of first lines.

It also prints for the first time in any collected edition (if not at all) several manuscript poems not found in the "Hesperides"—most of which prove, as Mr. Pollard holds, that Herrick was a writer who knew how to edit his own verses. One of them, however, contains some notable lines, of which these on the female virtues are, perhaps, the best (p. 263):

> "Obedience, wise distrust, peace, shy
> Distance and sweet urbanity;
> Safe modesty, lov'd patience, fear
> Of offending, temperance, dear
> Constancy, bashfulness, and all
> The virtues less or cardinal."

Mr. Swinburne for this occasion supplants Mr. Dobson as preface-writer, in which capacity he is, as usual, entertaining, though he has, as usual, next to nothing to set out with all his brave manner. Yet, even so, it is something to be really grateful for that the Tory Tyrtæus suffered the text of Herrick's stout-stomached loyalty to the King, his patron, to pass without hanging upon it a jeremiad against the treasonous Gladstone and the unspeakable Celt.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: Select Passages from her Letters. Edited by Arthur R. Ropes, with nine Portraits after Sir Godfrey Kneller and other artists. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE series of social and literary portraits to which this volume belongs, has been useful in renewing for a generation overburdened with a desire for multifarious knowledge, the features of men and women who are fading out of their picture-frames. We have had Horace Walpole, Fanny Burney, and Mrs. Thrale, and now Lady Mary has her turn. She is a figure not to be forgotten among the Englishwomen of her century; the coarse impress of the time is set both on her life and her letters, and she was both a woman of note and an intellectual woman, and therefore conspicuously exemplifies the age. But neither her career nor her letters attract the finer and higher interest of men, nor do they appeal to any other than the historical curi-

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osity to know what a contemporary of Pope and the early Georges did in that day and thought of the doings of that world. She must be praised for strong personal qualities and for excellent literary judgment; and the spice of adventure that still entered into travel in those times adds an accidental attractiveness to her individuality. The pleasantest part of her life was the last score years of foreign residence, which were the occasion of her best letters. The account she gives of her affairs is full of reality, and that necessarily takes hold of the mind and makes one forget the essential triviality of the subject. The criticism she makes on the books of the age, Richardson and Fielding and the rest, is a valuable chapter for the history of literary taste in England, and is, besides, very sound in judgment and true in feeling. Her work, as a contemporary reporter of the age, is of a different class from Walpole's, but it supplies a new centre of interest in the most gossiping of our centuries, and must remain of capital importance in literary history. Nevertheless, it is as "Sappho" that she most provokes curiosity, and we may remark that the present editor decides against the scandalous story of Pope's proposal to her as being the source of his enmity and its consequent satirical portrait. He finds no more cause for the explosion of irritability in Pope than the pin-prick of his vanity by her wit in the celebrated "pastoral letter" episode, or some equally trivial incident left unrecorded. Like most of Pope's victims, she gains in reputation because of the assumption of his injustice. The charges he specifically made against her are satisfactorily disposed of; and there remains only the strong-minded, rather slovenly, and yet socially brilliant woman, coarse but not repellent as the taste of that day went, and much distinguished for courage, vivacity, and good sense. This Lady Mary is well portrayed in this abridgment of her correspondence. The portraits, which are always attractive in this series, are of Lady Mary, her husband and son, the Princess Caroline, Pope, Congreve, Swift, Richardson, and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

Glimpses of Nature. By Andrew Wilson. Harper & Bros. 1891. 8vo, pp. 247. Illustrated.

Books like this one on natural history are always welcome. To have allowed the numerous chapters it contains to remain buried in the scattered pages of their original appearance, in the *Illustrated London News*, would really have been an injustice to the author and a cause for regret to his readers. The essays are all short; the average in the forty-six is little more than five pages. They treat of a variety of matters, and, whether relating to spiders, salmon, mesmerism, the mistletoe bough, the spleen, or whatever else, are full of life and entertainment. By means of a few salient features, without embarrassment from details, the author interests his reader, makes him feel slightly acquainted with his topic, and arouses a desire to learn more about it at some future opportunity. As a pleasant introduction for a stranger serves to wake a friendly concern in all that pertains to him, so these bright little notices induce a wish to meet the subjects of them again. In their suggestiveness they have a value even beyond that of the information they contain. The enthusiastic style of the writer fixes in the mind what he presents, though there may be little more than enough in the descriptions and illustrations for the purpose of identification. If in his enthusiasm the author occasionally is betrayed into exaggeration, the reader does not appear to be shocked by it, but rather is inclined to accept the statement, making due allowances. When told that the tortoises of the Galapagos Islands are so large that a man might easily sit on the back of one and be conveyed by the animal without the latter being aware of the burden he was carrying, we readily believe the creatures are very large and strong, but question somewhat whether Prof. Wilson will insist that the tortoise would not know the man was there if it carried him.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aitken, G. A. The Life and Works of John Arbuthnot. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Arnold, Sir Edwin. Potiphar's Wife, and Other Poems. Scribners. $1.25.
Ball, W. W. R. Mathematical Recreations and Problems. Macmillan.
Butler, A. J. The Hell of Dante. Macmillan. $3.50.
Cambridge, Ada. My Guardian. Appletons.
Christ versus Christianity. Boston: American Elzevir Co. $1.50.
Eckstein, Ernst. Hertha. G. G. Peck.
Freeman, Prof. E. A. Historical Essays. Fourth Series. Macmillan. $3.50.
James, Henry. The Lessons of the Master, and Other Stories. Macmillan. 1892.
Julian, John. A Dictionary of Hymnology. Scribners.
Jullien, Adolphe. Musiciens d'Aujour-d'hui. Paris: Librairie de l'Art; New York: Macmillan.
Kiepert, Henry. Atlas Antiquus. 3d ed. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. $2.
Keltie, J. S. The Statesman's Year-Book for 1892. Macmillan. $3.
King, H. T. The Idealist. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Laforest, Debut. Renée and Colette. Cassell. 50 cents.
Leclerc, Max. Le Rôle Social des Universités. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.

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